

# The Sketch



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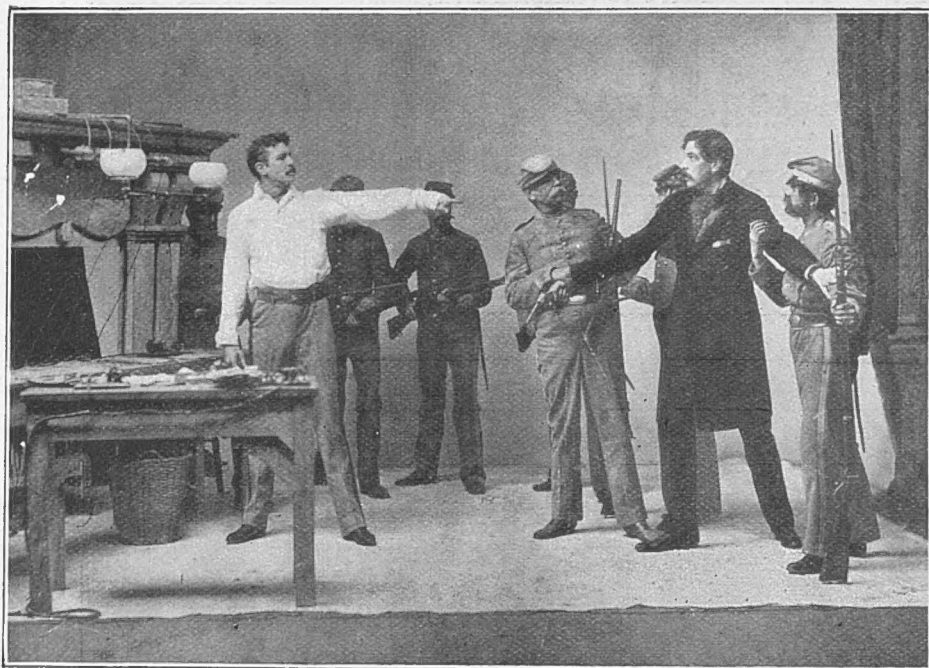
APPLE-BLOSSOM.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY FRED DOWNER, WATFORD.



# "SECRET SERVICE," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

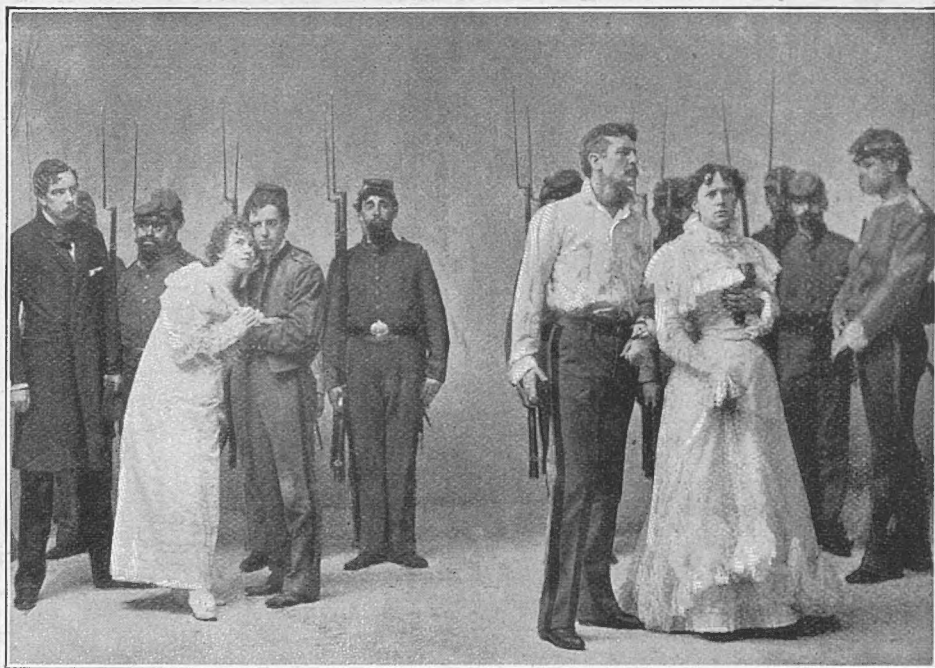
*Photographs by Pach, New York.*



"Thorne": Arrest that man! [Arrelsford]

The man who, to serve his country, instead of fighting in the open and risking glorious death, devotes himself out of pure patriotism to secret service as spy, undoubtedly is heroic; and yet so mean must be the stratagems adopted by him, so constant must be his lying, that one turns almost in horror from him. Such a man was Lewis Dumont, a Northerner who, passing himself off as Captain Thorne of the Confederate Army, and furnished with forged credentials, got into Richmond, then holding out desperately against the Northern Army, with the intention of betraying the brave city. His mission led him to the house of the Varneys, staunch Southerners, and he met there Edith Varney, with whom he fell in love, who fell in love with him. His ignoble mission forced him, like a Gils de Berault, to utilise her love, and it was by her aid that he received a commission as Chief of the War Telegraph Service.

What was his plan? Simply this: a message was to be brought to him saying what portion of the defences was chosen for attack, and then he was to use the wires to send false messages drawing off the defending troops from the spot assailed. Dumont's brother, voluntarily captured in a skirmish, contrived to give the message to Jonas, a negro servant of the Varneys, in whose hands it was seized by Arrelsford, a member of the Confederate Secret Service. Now Arrelsford was an unsuccessful suitor of Miss Varney, and, guessing the success of



"Thorne" asking Edith whether she wishes him to save his life by pretending to be shot.



Edith having given no assurance, "Thorne" goes off to be shot.

"Captain Thorne," and suspecting, too, his real mission, he resolved not merely to frustrate the scheme, but convict the schemer. Miss Varney was an obstacle: it was hard to persuade her that her lover was a spy and traitor. To convince her, Arrelsford confronted Dumont the prisoner with "Thorne" his brother; but the trick was guessed, and, for the good of the cause, the prisoner shot himself, leaving Southerners to think that "Thorne" had killed him when trying to arrest him as a Northerner.

So Miss Varney's faith was not disturbed, yet she consented to accompany Arrelsford to the telegraph-office and spy upon "Thorne" late at night. All happened as Arrelsford expected. "Thorne" got rid by different devices of all the operators, and then began to telegraph the false despatch. Arrelsford fired and cut his hand, and then ordered the guard to arrest "Thorne," who, however, trusting to his uniform, called on the guard to seize Arrelsford, the civilian. The guard obeyed "Thorne." Edith Varney had fled in disgust at her lover's treason. "Thorne" triumphed. However, General Randolph entered. The frantic Arrelsford shouted the truth; the General mocked him, but his persistence shook even the blunt soldier. Then Edith entered, and at the vital moment produced "Thorne's" commission to take command of the department. Arrelsford was dragged off, shrieking protests. "Thorne" was left in triumph, but with Edith. "I

interfered to save your life," she said; "do not use it to ruin my country." The man withheld the fatal despatch.

Arrelsford got free. "Thorne" was arrested, tried, condemned as a spy, and, finding that Edith would show no further sign of love, he refused to take advantage of a trick of Jonas's, who took the bullets from the cartridges of the firing-party. Death was at hand. General Randolph entered with glad news that, as "Thorne" had voluntarily kept back the fatal despatch, his life was to be spared and he must be lodged in safety—for both parties—till the war was over.

A play with thrilling moments and moving scenes, it is likely to enjoy as great success as Mr. Gillette's other play, "Held by the Enemy," and deserves it. The company is exceedingly good. Mr. Gillette himself plays the part of "Thorne" admirably. Miss Walsh, the Edith, is an able actress. Miss Odette Tyler is simply delicious as a lover.

Mr. Gillette is a native of Hartford, and was educated at Yale, which he left to join Macauley's stock company in Cincinnati. After his first season with the stock company, he went to New York, having written "The Professor," and in it he played and scored a great success. Then he adapted "The Private Secretary" and "She," which were followed by another German adaptation called "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." Then came the play



by which he is best known in this country, "Held by the Enemy," which ran for five years in America. An unfortunate and severe illness compelled him to rest for a year, but he returned with a comedy called "Too Much Johnson," in which he made a hit and which he intends to present to London audiences very shortly. During the time he was playing Johnson, he was busily engaged writing "Secret Service," deserting his comedy only to create his present part, just a year ago, at the Garrick Theatre, New York, where it has played to packed houses all along. The play is presented to us exactly as it was produced on its first performance in New York, only there it was called "The Secret Service." When Mr. Gillette writes a play, he first conceives his main situation, and from that crux he works backwards and forwards; and, though he writes and re-writes innumerable times, until he feels the dialogue and situations to be workmanlike, there are seldom any alterations made after a piece is put in rehearsal. He looks upon his histrionic duties as mere by-play, unless (to use his own words) "I've been playing a part so long that it has become a chestnut; then it tires me!"

Miss Blanche Walsh created, and has ever since played, the rôle of Edith Varney. The daughter of a New York politician, she made her début about ten years ago, and soon was picked out by Mr. Frohman for the leading part of Diana Stockton in Bronson Howard's popular play "Aristocracy," and did some most excellent and useful work with his stock company. At Washington she made a great hit in several comedies, especially "Romeo's First Love," a play of which she holds the entire rights, and on her return to New York she was secured by Mr. A. M. Palmer for a season in "The Great Diamond Robbery." She was a most fetching Trilby, and then went for a very successful



MISS ODETTE TYLER.

Photo by Pach, New York.

Australian tour as Nat Goodwin's leading lady. On her return, she was engaged by Mr. Frohman for her present part.

Miss Ethel Barrymore is the pretty and talented daughter of Mr. Maurice Barrymore and his wife, professionally known as Miss Georgina Drew. Her grandmother is Mrs. John Drew, who made her histrionic début when only six years of age, in 1826, and Miss Barrymore has almost always acted in her uncle Mr. John Drew's company since she made her début, about three years ago, in "The Bauble Shop." She has played in "Rosemary," and created her present part, as well as having taken part in several important matinées, not a bad record when one remembers that she is now only just sixteen.

Miss Odette Tyler is generally known as "an odd little girl from the South," where she was born and brought up, her father, General Kirkham, owning a large plantation until he was ruined by the War. Almost before she had left school she used to figure in amateur theatricals, and, when reverses made it necessary for her to earn her own living, she at once went to New York and was engaged by Mr. Frohman for the production of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Then she went into the stock company, and made a hit in "The Councillor's Wife," known here as "The Prude's Progress," and, later, in David Belasco's play, "The Younger Son." Besides her dramatic gifts, Miss Tyler is a clever writer, two or three of her books, pretty

pictures of Southern life, especially "Boss," enjoying well-deserved popularity; and she also paints well, both in oils and water-colour. She was once engaged to Jay Gould's son, and it is said that it was only her innate laziness that prevented her from marrying him. Strange to say, another member of the same company, Mr. Henry Woodruffe, was once engaged to Miss Anna Gould.



MISS BLANCHE WALSH.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Photo by Pach, New York.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

The reorganisation of the Pioneer Club must be joyous news to many scribblers. That institution has served them well when they were gravelled for lack of gibes. In a quaint volume called "Twelve Bad Women," I find a lady of dusky reputation described as a "pioneer," because she wore male attire in spite of the pillory. This is a pleasing example of the stimulus which the Club has given to contemporary humour. A famous humorist is reported to have put the responsibility of his most audacious sallies on the shoulders of his children's governess. That praiseworthy woman, blamelessly eating her luncheon, would suddenly hear a paralysing story from the head of the table, told on her authority. In the same way, a great deal of gossip was mothered upon the Pioneer Club, which was treated by the flippant as a kind of social geyser, always throwing up sulphurous fluid. The threat that this delightful spring was about to run dry must have spread consternation amongst the wholesale and retail dealers in sparkling figments; but they are happy now in the thought that they can continue to put down any absurdities about women to a "pioneer."

I wish to express my respectful interest in the prospects of the Pioneer Club, which, by the vigorous initiative of Mrs. Wynford Phillips, is to be established on a new basis. I have received a number of documents bearing on this enterprise, all of them couched in sanguine rhetoric. To the reorganised Club is to be attached an Institute for Women, and "these two Societies, distinct, though closely allied, will adapt themselves to the ever-increasing needs and demands of women, and hold within themselves limitless vistas of promise, power, and possibilities." Once upon a time, a certain policy of land reform was known as the "Three P's." Women are to swear by the "Three P's," and I should swear with them, if the "possibilities" did not excite one grave misgiving. "Within another generation," I read, "all the great clubs may be open to women as well as to men; and, in view of the enlarged and broad spirit which is uniting men and women, it would be unwise to make a binding legal agreement that the Club should *never* be permitted to have men, as well as women, as its members." This will stagger the scoffers who tell you how, at Pioneer meetings, strange creatures in masculine garments call upon their fellow-hybrids to rise and give the tyrant man his quietus with a bare bodkin. It is a tempting and even a solemn thought that man, with centuries of wrong to his discredit, may some day be admitted to the sisterhood of the Pioneers. What wretch amongst us is so hardened that he can think of it without grateful emotion? Such, however, is the ingrained coarseness of man that, when this crowning proof of woman's forgiveness is vouchsafed to him, I believe he will promptly seek election to the House Committee, in order that he may control the food and drink!

But I am chiefly concerned about that revolution "within a generation" in "all the great clubs." Will the "spirit" which is "uniting men and women" go so far as to close to the clubman all the avenues of escape from woman? Is he to be driven from Pall Mall to the "great waste places," like the much-married gentleman in Ibsen? Will desperate men seek the North or South Pole because, in London, they cannot take a meal or smoke a cigar except under feminine supervision? Will that dread "spirit" become so "enlarged" that even Polar expeditions will be directed by Pioneers? In this aspect, the union of men and women is a fearsome development, which must make the average clubman set his face with greater rigour than ever against the periodical attempt to introduce women into his sanctuary. Now and then, a very young man will suggest the charm of a ladies' dining-room at the club, an apartment which would be hallowed by wives, and saved from too domestic conventions by cousins. The proposal is frowned down by the elders; but who can say what will happen a generation hence, when these conscript fathers are sleeping under veracious epitaphs, and the Pioneer Club has planted emissaries within the citadel? Can we gaze along the "limitless vistas" without any apprehension that the Three P's will achieve the undoing of the bachelor's stronghold and the married man's refuge?

Seriously, I would entreat the new organiser of the Pioneer Club to keep this "uniting" spirit within bounds. Between man and woman there can be no absolute community of interests. A man who was always in the drawing-room would be voted a bore by his womankind; a woman who took to haunting the "great clubs" would be set down as a nuisance. Don't tell me she would use the privilege in moderation; there is no moderation in emancipated curiosity. Half the domestic trouble of this island springs from the Adelphi sentiment that "a wife's place is by

her husband's side." In the average British household this fallacy is often made an insatiable idol, to which are sacrificed peace, love, and rational intercourse. A man must have a place where he can discuss with his fellows subjects which he cannot discuss with women; and this is one signification of that rooted inequality of the sexes which the Three P's, witches though they be, can never eradicate. It is true that there are clubs already where men and women meet; but no clubman takes them seriously. He will drink tea, and occasionally dine, at such resorts; these are social duties which have nothing to do with his club life; they employ his superficial accomplishments. Once within the monastic portals of Pall Mall or St. James's Street, you see the real clubman, not always an imposing creature, but stripped of the minor arts which are well enough for the tea-table, and prompt to speak what Mr. George Moore calls the thought at the back of one's mind. Absolute candour from man to woman, O Pioneers, is an unattainable ideal; but 'twixt man and man, the truth is not infrequently conspicuous, especially in the smoking-room.

Mr. George Moore seems to imagine that the thought at the back of one's mind is always pure wisdom. If people would only speak out, he says, some literary reputations, notably Stevenson's, would shrink or vanish. Certain Presbyterian elders have been speaking out about "Ian Maclaren." I can hear them remarking to one another from the back of their minds: "D'ye ken he's a braw heretic, wha pretends to be Moses, dancing a reel before the burning bonnie brier bush till the puir pagan loons o' Southrons gie him their siller"? My Scotch is weak, but I understand this is the substance of "Ian Maclaren's" heresy, though the indictment has been upset by a technicality. If we were as candid as the elders, we should indict Stevenson because Mr. George Moore finds him destitute of the "moral idea." Don't make believe that this idea animates "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Jekyll and Hyde," for the one has made no impression on the back of Mr. George Moore's mind, and the other is mere "bookstall literature." If Stevenson were a great writer, he would not have employed the "diabolic agency" to represent the struggle of good and evil in a man's soul. The back of your mind may summon such trivial witnesses to the contrary as Shakspeare, Dante, Goethe, Balzac, and Poe. Mr. George Moore says he has never read Montaigne. Perhaps "Macbeth," the "Divine Comedy," "Faust," the "Peau de Chagrin," and "William Wilson" have also escaped his critical attention.

No doubt there is extravagance in some estimates of Stevenson; but we are not all convicted of insincerity because we decline to adopt an erratic method of testing his shortcomings. A critic who dwells on the superficial philosophy of "Virginibus Puerisque" and the dulness of "Catriona," and neglects to observe the growth of Stevenson's mind and art in "Weir of Hermiston," is just the kind of man who will tell you that Jane Austen has outlived Scott. I remember a fervent declaration of Mr. George Moore's that, for the sake of Balzac, he would surrender Shakspeare, as if such an opinion threw any light whatever on the relative merits of those authors. It is quite possible for the back of one's mind to appreciate both without hypocrisy, and without blocking up the premises with useless lumber. Mr. Moore's judgments are always interesting, and sometimes shrewd; but he should deny himself the pleasure of suggesting that people who do not agree with him are conniving at imposture. It would also be a wholesome discipline if he would contrive to express his enthusiasm for one author without belittling another, who, as often as not, has nothing in common with the newly discovered idol. When Peter was hungry, and provision for a carnivorous diet was let down from the skies, with the invitation, "Rise, Peter; kill and eat," it would have been irrelevant criticism had he replied, "No, thanks; I am a vegetarian." Besides, think of the heresy! Worse than "Ian Maclaren's"!

Sir Edward Russell's estimate of Ibsen is not idolatrous, but dispassionately appreciative. It is a clear and forcible statement of the views of moderate Ibsenites, who cannot be blinded to the defects of this great dramatist. Sir Edward has been sharply reminded that the public affairs which figure in "Rosmersholm" are not "parochial," because they relate to the constitutional struggle in Norway. No doubt; but as few people have an intimate knowledge of Norwegian history, and as most people are acquainted with constitutional struggles of far wider import, the dramatic effect of the "Rosmersholm" politics must seem parochial to English audiences. If not, then cosmopolitanism has no meaning. By the way, I wish somebody would clear up the mystery of Fanny Wilton's husband. Mrs. Borkman says (Act I.) that he has been dead some years; but (Act III.) she thinks Fanny Wilton is "indissolubly bound" to him, and that lady replies that he is "dead to me." That he is "dead to Fanny" is not enough for the scientific inquirer. Does he still live to enjoy the contemplation of his divorced wife's erotic vagaries?



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London Bridge ...	10 0 " "	... 9 55 " "	London Bridge ...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	... 7 40 a.m.
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To Southend and Margate on Sundays (Sunday, June 27, excepted). Special Trains from Fenchurch Street at 9.35 and 9.45 a.m., also from St. Pancras at 9.40 a.m.

"ROYAL SOVEREIGN" leaves Old Swan Pier (London Bridge) at 9.35 a.m. (except Fridays, June 11, 18, and 25), for Margate and Ramsgate. Special Train (except Saturday, June 5) leaves Fenchurch Street at 10.28 a.m.

"KOH-I-NOOR" leaves Old Swan Pier (London Bridge) at 8 a.m. for Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, and Deal (Wednesdays and Fridays excepted) from June 5 to 8, and then from June 26 to end of season. Special Train leaves Fenchurch Street (except Saturday, June 5) at 8.57 a.m. (Sundays, 8.45 a.m.).

"LA BELGIQUE," for Southend, Margate, and Ostend, on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, returning from Ostend on following days. Special Train from Fenchurch Street at 7.45 a.m.

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## SMALL TALK.

The Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund Stamps, which were put on sale yesterday, will give small subscribers a handy receipt, and one which they can retain as a memento of the Diamond Jubilee and of that increasing interest in hospital support and management shown during her Majesty's reign. It is impossible to say exactly to whom the initiation of the idea can be credited, but to Mr. Burdett will be due the success of the



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSPITAL FUND STAMPS.

scheme. The basis of the design selected by the Prince of Wales is taken from Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose well-known picture of "Charity," executed for one of the Virtues in New College Chapel, Oxford, is the most appropriate design that could have been selected, embodying as it does a beautiful picture with Mrs. Sheridan as the chief figure. Valuable assistance has been rendered by Mr. De La Rue and by Mr. Purcell, C.B., the Controller of Stamps at Somerset House. The engraving of the stamp could be executed only by the most skilled hand. After the matrix had been produced and hardened, it had to be rolled into the steel plate under a pressure of twenty tons given by a lever set in motion by the foot of the operator, and each impression had to be rolled in separately, the greatest care being taken to adjust the proper distances, and a magnifying-glass being constantly in use. Each plate contains a double sheet of eighty, in which one false impression would spoil the whole, and great liability of cracking arises from the weight of the pressure. Every sheet has to be accounted for as carefully as a bank-note, and this again entails still greater surveillance.

The Prince will, if possible, personally witness the destruction of the plates from which the stamps are printed; but, in any case, they will be destroyed as soon as the printing of the limited number of the issue is completed. My readers will remember that, in the case of the Rowland Hill post-card in 1890, so great was the demand that the value of the post-card advanced no less than 2500 per cent.

I have just had sent me by Messrs. Mortlock a beaker which they have designed in "ivory ware" to commemorate the Jubilee. It is adorned with the medallion portraits of Her Majesty representing the Accession, 1837; Jubilee, 1887; Diamond Jubilee, 1897; over which is

placed the Imperial Crown, sustained by the Royal and National ensigns. At the base rests the Bible with sword across. In two panels are recorded great and historical events in peace and war accomplished during the period 1837 to 1897. All moulds, designs, and engravings used in the manufacture of the beaker will be destroyed at the Jubilee, so that the value of the beaker will be enhanced from the collector's standpoint. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have issued a military book,

**A Form**

OF

**PRAYER WITH THANKSGIVING**

TO

**ALMIGHTY GOD,**


TO BE USED

IN ALL CHURCHES AND CHAPELS IN ENGLAND AND WALES, AND IN THE  
TOWN OF BERWICK-UPON-TWEED,

UPON

Sunday the Twentieth Day of June 1897.

By Authority



LONDON: Printed by EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE.

Printed to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.

1897.

"For Queen and Country: Battles of Her Majesty's Reign," written by Colonel Knollys, late Commander of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, and illustrated in colour by Mr. Harry Payne.

Messrs. Speaight, the enterprising Regent Street photographers, have published the novel congratulation-card which I reproduce. The design on the front contains a figure of Britannia, together with emblems

of the Colonies, the whole surrounding the space reserved for one's portrait. With each order they present a special copy for forwarding to the Queen on June 22.

For weeks I have sat amid a hail of Jubilee jingles, which increases as June 22 approaches. From the rhythmic realms of Clerkenwell I have received an "Ode" by "Logan," who devotes a hundred and thirty lines to a promised biography of her Majesty which never comes off. Here is a nice little specimen—

We will tell her married life,  
When she was a model wife,  
And maintained in fiercest light  
That good name that is so bright  
In this Year of Jubilee.

Of sons and daughters, too, we'll tell,  
And family life beloved so well,  
At Windsor and the Isle of Wight;  
True English homes of peace and light  
In this Year of Jubilee.

The funny part of it all is that he never tells anything whatever. Mr. Elliot Stock also publishes "A Song of Jubilee" in many metres.

Then an English Hebrew "of the Tribe of Levi" has written a pamphlet to show that the Queen is presumably a lineal descendant of David, and that the Anglo-Saxon race is none other than our old, old friends, the Lost Ten Tribes. Thus it is that in this Levite's opinion—

Fewer vile taunts in our teeth will be cast,  
And the ages of scorn are hurrying past,  
For Britain sad Judah's stern battles will fight,  
And on our dear sons shed prophetic light.

An ingenious Gentile who is a close observer of London life might almost prove as much as this lively Levite, for the Children of Israel are very much with us—in some respects they are governing London opinion.

I can't think how many biographies of the Queen have appeared within the last few weeks. Those just issued include one by Mr. Hardy, the author of "How to be Happy though Married," published by Cassell. Theobald, the toyman, has published a penny Life, from which I learn that the Queen was the first member of our royal family to be vaccinated; and Messrs. Romeike and Curtice, the Press-cutting people, have issued, also at a penny, a thirty-two-page list of statistics and dates compiled by Mr. W. J. Lee. Even a special "Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving" for the occasion has been issued.



A JUBILEE SOUVENIR.

The best piece of what I may call Jubilee literature I have yet seen is the "Temple Classics" edition of Carlyle's "French Revolution," which was first published exactly sixty years ago. It is a very bold move of Messrs. Dent to issue the great book in several volumes, but their daring is certain to be justified. The first volume opens with Mr. G. F. Watts's portrait of Carlyle, and deals with the Bastille. The second volume is prefixed with a portrait of Mirabeau, and is devoted to the "Constitution." A third volume will complete the work, which is edited by Mr. Lowes Dickinson. This is certainly the most beautiful form in which Carlyle's masterpiece has ever appeared.

Mrs. Hall, the Deputy-Mayoress of Bury (Lancashire), has decided to mark the occasion by presenting a handsome chain of office to be worn by all future Mayoresses of Bury. The chain, which will be made by Messrs. Elkington, will be twenty-two inches long, and will be fashioned in rich scroll-shaped links, having the bee (the crest of the borough) and the initial B in enamel alternately. The arms of Bury will be enamelled on a badge, with a circle set at intervals with diamonds, and a portrait of the Queen enclosed in scroll with diamonds will form the centre link.

It was a happy thought of Mrs. Charles Stewart to present her Majesty with a silver model of the Young Pretender's monument at Glenfinnan, for the Queen takes a lively interest in all connected with the royal House of Stuart. This column, with its colossal statue of the gallant and unfortunate Charles Edward, was erected on the very spot where the Marquis of Tullibardine unfurled the Prince's standard on Aug. 19, 1745, in the presence of seven hundred Camerons and three hundred Macdonalds. It is, in shape, an ordinary pillar, built of the stone common to that part of the Highlands (near Fort William), and it



stands close to the road, at the junction of four glens. The Prince is represented as looking towards the valley whence he expected the Camerons of Lochiel. The inscription on the monument is written in Gaelic, English, and Latin, and reads thus—

On this spot where Prince Charles Edward first raised his standard, on the 19th day of August, 1745, when he made the daring and romantic attempt to recover a throne, lost by the imprudence of his ancestors, this column was erected by Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of Glenaladale, to commemorate the generous zeal, the undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity of his forefathers, and the rest of those who fought and bled in that arduous and unfortunate enterprise.

St. Paul's is in luck. In addition to the visit of the Queen, Mr. Hooley has repaired the loss suffered by the Cathedral plate-chest at the hands of sacrilegious burglars on Christmas Eve, 1810, by giving a service of



MR. HOOLEY'S COMMUNION-PLATE FOR ST. PAUL'S.

gold sacramental plate to commemorate the Record Reign. The task of providing it was confided some six months ago to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, and the manner in which they have executed it affords a striking illustration of the great progress made in ecclesiastical art during the past sixty years. The gift consists of four chalices, two flagons, and four patens of the purest gold. The total weight of the whole is three hundred ounces, and the able designer, in adopting the Renaissance style of the seventeenth century, has very cleverly assimilated his general scheme of decoration to the architectural surroundings brought into existence by the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. The most striking feature of the modelling is a happy combination of the symbolical vines and cherubs so much in vogue at the period, the covers of the flagons being surmounted by replicas in miniature of the cross which crowns the dome of St. Paul's. The plate will remain on view at 112, Regent Street, for a month, at the end of which Mr. Hooley will formally make it over to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, by whom it will be first used on Sunday, June 20 (Hospital Sunday).

The timber-merchants must be coining money in this our Diamond Jubilee year. The West End swarms with woodwork, and every coign of vantage on the royal route is showing signs of the forthcoming function. At St. George's Hospital I see they are beginning to erect stands, which will, I trust, benefit the patients of that excellent institution. All along Piccadilly is bustle and preparation. Sir Julian Goldsmid's empty house is placarded with bills, and is preparing to turn itself into an admirably situated grand stand. The Naval and Military Club will, of course, make use of the large courtyard which extends in front of the older part of its premises (Palmerston's town house). Devonshire House, which also, as all the world knows, has a big courtyard, will present a more striking appearance than it did ten years ago, for the great gates from Chiswick, now being furnished up by painters and illuminators, will certainly add to its somewhat limited beauties. The Berkeley Hotel, which has been closed for months, building an additional wing, is making use of its scaffolding for a most solid-looking erection in the way of seats, and so we go on East, every great building preparing to make itself gay, and in most cases to make money. One of the most solid and imposing of these temporary structures will be that which will occupy the long-vacant site of Lord Carrington's old house, where the new War Office is to be erected. This has been rented from the authorities, I understand, for five thousand pounds. A solid building, with stalls and private boxes, refreshment- and retiring-rooms, is in course of erection, and, though the prices are fairly "stiff"—four pounds to twenty pounds—I do not doubt that the nearly six thousand seats to be offered to the public will be filled, for the position gives a splendid view of Whitehall, almost from one end to the other.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's capture by the Greeks has given him more of that notoriety for which he is always hunting than ever he had before. His history and career are remarkable. Although a Jingo of the Jingo, he was born in the United States. He boasts of his descent on one side from the Pilgrim Fathers, and on the other side from a companion of William Penn, but his mode of thought is utterly unlike theirs. The country first heard of him in the Parliament of 1880, when he vexed the soul of Mr. Gladstone by long, loose speeches on foreign affairs. Sir Charles Dilke would expose their inaccuracy one day, but

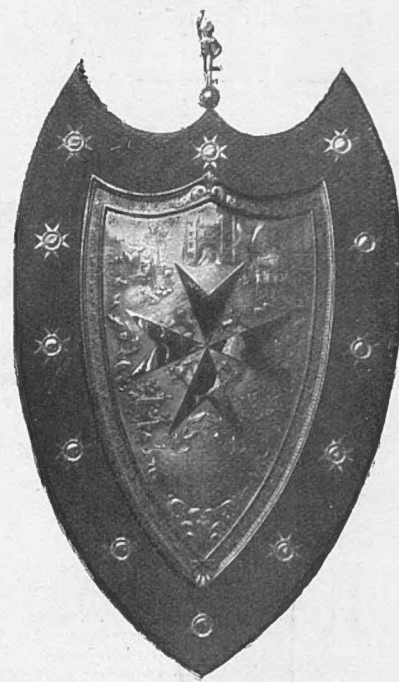
next day "the member for Eye," as he then was, would resume his survey of the world's affairs, from China to Peru, taking liberties with geography as well as with the precious time of Parliament. When the Conservatives came to power, they muzzled this dreaded talker by giving him the post which Mr. Austen Chamberlain now holds—that of Civil Lord of the Admiralty. For six or seven years the volcano slept. It burst forth again, however, during the last Home Rule Administration, and, on the occasion of the physical conflict in the House of Commons, there was no more painful incident than was presented by the ex-Civil Lord standing at the side of the table and hurling taunts across it to the aged, horrified Prime Minister.

It is strange that Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett should be knighted by his Sovereign, honoured by the Sultan, and named "Silomo" by the Swazis, and yet have no influence in the House of Commons. On provincial platforms he is a leading "star," but in the House he counts for less than the least of new members. His brother, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, is quiet in manner and in style, and never speaks except on a subject in which he or his constituency is personally interested. The family, however, has been kept well to the front in the present Parliament by Sir Ellis. Crushed out of the new Government to make room for Liberal-Unionists, he has contrived to keep a front seat, but it is a seat, alas! below the Gangway. In strength of language and of lung, Sir Ellis shows that he has not fallen off since he pestered Sir Charles Dilke fifteen years ago. The House laughs when he glares at it through his single eyeglass. He is usually dressed "to the nines," and he frequently entertains ladies. Whether he will ever return to the Treasury Bench may be doubted. Perhaps he would not take any other office than that now adorned by brilliant Mr. Curzon. Meantime, Sir Ellis, in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, can influence the destinies of the Empire through the columns of *England*. He has a congenial constituency in Sheffield, and is understood to be a favourite with Sir William Leng, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* there.

The Duke of Northumberland, who is one of the fathers of the House of Lords, and who reached the patriarchal age of eighty-seven a week or two ago, still, I am glad to learn, enjoys excellent health, and takes as keen an interest as ever in the welfare of the tenants on his Northumberland and Surrey estates. The Duke, as is generally known, is a generous supporter of that sect who style themselves the Catholic Apostolic Church, and are usually known as Irvingites. The Duke married Miss Drummond, who was a prominent member of this body, as was her father before her. It is strange to find the mistaken notions that still exist in the public mind with regard to the followers of that religious enthusiast Edward Irving. Only the other day I was told quite seriously that the Duke of Northumberland was the last of the original "Angels" of this church! On the very best authority, I may say that the Duke occupies no ecclesiastical position whatever in this community, though for many years he has attended their services, and the headquarters of the sect are at Albury on his Grace's estate. As to the last of the "Angels," my informant was doubtless running his head, not against those bishops of this Church, but against the original twelve "Apostles," who were divinely elected at the time of the foundation of the church. The last of these still lives at Albury, at a ripe old age—ninety-two, I believe—and when he is called to another world, not even the Irvingites themselves know what will happen with regard to their community, for with his death will come an end of the first period of its existence. What the second state will be depends, I believe, on an inspired revelation yet unmade.

The energy which characterises the directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company is infectious. Thus the ambulance team composed of their employes has carried off the silver challenge-shield awarded for railway ambulance work, the North London being second, the London and North-Western third, and the London, Chatham, and Dover fourth. The shield, which has been manufactured by the Elkingtons, is of solid silver, bearing in centre the eight-pointed cross of the Order of St. John, embellished with figures of lions and unicorns in dull gold.

Above the cross are depicted in fine repoussé work, delicately oxidised, the following scenes—"The Good Samaritan," "The St. John's Gate," and "A Railway Ambulance Group." Below are part-gilt sprays of the St. John's Wort, with the words, "First Aid to the Injured," and "Railway Competition," also an inscription shield, and suitable floral decorations round border. The shield is mounted on an oak frame, with silver bosses for names of winning teams, and at top is placed a finely modelled figure of Mercury as an emblem of Railway life.



AMBULANCE SHIELD.



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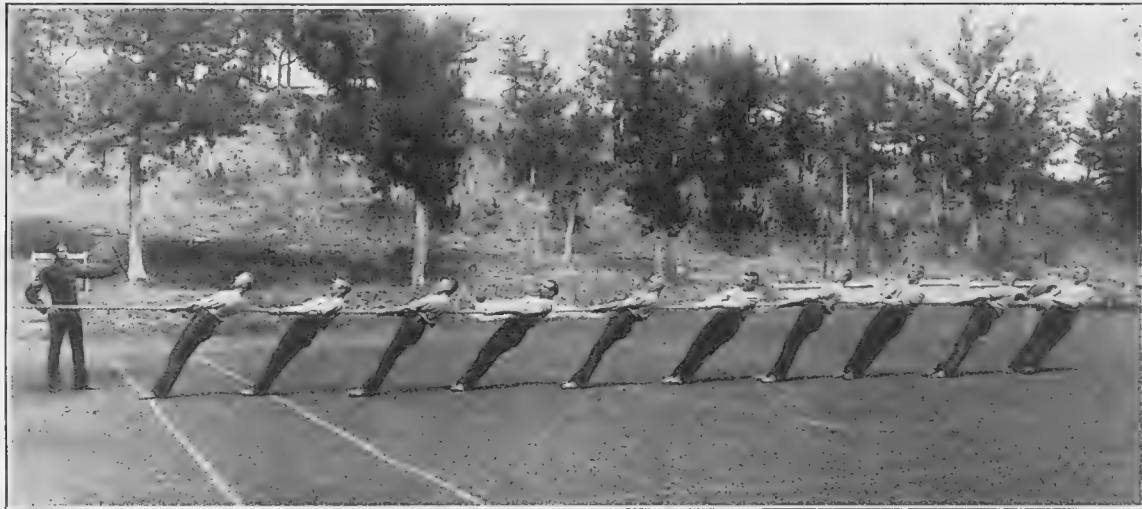


Here is the tug-of-war team of the Royal Artillery stationed at Bermuda who defeated the Leinster Regiment at their annual sports.

The perfervid Scot who addressed you last week (writes a correspondent) has two qualities which he does not share with the majority of his countrymen. He is hysterical and a very silly person. He is hysterical in resenting the general application in English journals of the term "English" to those born north as well as south of the Tweed. The word "English" has given its name to the language, and, moreover, is unquestionably more musical than "British." He is a very silly person, because he does not take the trouble to learn the elementary fact that Lord Byron was really and legally an Englishman, that a man is of the nationality of his father and not of his mother, and that the Byrons were an English family of many generations. As to whether the perfervid Scot could claim much glory in connection with Byron's maternal ancestry would very much depend on whether he himself was a Celt or a Teuton. Mrs. Byron, as we know, belonged to the Clan Gordon, and, in her excitable, wild humours, had far less affinity to the average Scotsman than the average Scotsman has to the average Englishman.

Mr. George Moore makes himself more than usually ridiculous in a recent issue of the *Daily Chronicle*. In some eighteen lines he gives us the benefit of ten "I's." "I do not wish to make light of Jane Austen," "when I said that I delighted," "I shall perhaps be reminded that I once said—" The whole of this beautiful arrangement of pronouns is contained in a paragraph, and yet Mr. Moore professes not only to write English, but to be able to criticise the masters of English. Men and women of letters are not profoundly interested in the fact that Mr. Moore does not like Jane Austen, and that he believes her admirers are impostors; nor are they concerned that he does not think Macaulay a very subtle critic. Both these judgments have been pronounced many times, and they gain nothing by Mr. Moore's presentation. As, however, the main object of two very lengthy articles in the *Daily Chronicle*, signed by Mr. Moore, is to praise "The Secret Rose," by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and as Mr. Yeats's book is a distinctly valuable addition to literature; much may, I suppose, be forgiven to his critic.

Mr. Clarence Rook, a young and able journalist associated with the *Academy* newspaper, contributes an interesting article on "John Oliver Hobbes" to the latest issue of the *Chap-Book*. From his article I learn that "John Oliver Hobbes"—otherwise Mrs. Craigie—is the daughter of Mr. John Morgan Richards, a wealthy American residing in London.



Sergeant Walden. Clarke. Cozens. Warden. Dempsey. Coleman. Scott. Ward. Seymour. Wallace. Fowler.

ROYAL ARTILLERY TUG-OF-WAR TEAM AT BERMUDA.

Photo by Wilson and Cahill.

She was married when "still some years short of her coming of age," but, after a short but by no means happy married life, returned to her father's house, when she began authorship. Mrs. Craigie, we are told, although a daughter of one of Dr. Joseph Parker's deacons, has joined the Roman Catholic Church. She is quite untouched by the craze for golf and bicycling. Mrs. Craigie cannot complain that her biographer lacks candour. He tells us that her books contain "what she has read and seen, and not what she has thought," and, elsewhere, that "the charm of her work lies in its workmanship rather than in its inspiration." Altogether, the modern writer has a fine time of it under the dissecting-knife.

This is a Jubilee pear-tree (writes a correspondent). It grows in the Frithsden Gardens of the Hon. A. Talbot, and has reached the necessary three-score in point of size and age. The length is just a few inches short of sixty feet, while the height of it is fifteen feet, and it has been growing in its present position for sixty years. An old man who has worked in the same gardens for sixty-four years (this is a record, one would think) told me he remembered the tree being planted, and he had pruned it year by year. No less than three varieties of birds had

built their nests in its branches, namely, the thrush, blackbird, and chaffinch, the last of which I endeavoured to photograph, but it was embowered to such an extent in the pear-blossom as to be almost indistinguishable. The courteous head-gardener, Mr. Garman, informed me that the pear was called the Passe-Colmar, and invited me to go and see it when the fruit was ripe; the rows of pears then make a very fine show, and the fruit has a nice flavour.

An American Professor thinks he has devised a method to stimulate intellectual effort, and in future those burning the midnight oil will be able to abandon black coffee, and the blue pill to which Thackeray was supposed to be so devoted, in favour of a small electric machine, which will not only intensify their powers of brain-work, but which will also enable them to achieve more. The Professor noticed that the senses became more acute when a person had been subjected to the action of high electrical potentials, and his invention is an application of this fact.

The Patent Office at Washington has granted a patent for a machine that is claimed to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. It is called a "differential fly-wheel," and is admittedly ingenious.



A REMARKABLE PEAR-TREE.

Photo by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.



Elsewhere in this issue Mr. John Lane's charming edition of "The Compleat Angler" is dealt with, accompanied by some of the illustrations which make the book so entirely novel. These are the work of Mr. Edmund Hort New, who was born at Evesham in 1871, and still lives there. His father was, I believe, a solicitor in Evesham. He received his professional training at the Birmingham School of Art, the head master of which, Mr. A. J. Gaskin (illustrator of George Allen's



MR. E. NEW, ILLUSTRATOR OF WALTON.

edition of Andersen's Fairy Tales), is one of his intimate friends. Contemporaries of his at the school were Mr. C. M. Gere, Mr. Edward S. Harper, Mr. J. E. Southall, Mr. E. G. Treglown, Mr. Oliver Brackett, and among the women artists Miss Mary J. Newill, Mrs. H. Adams, Miss Celia A. Levetus, and Mrs. A. J. Gaskin. All of these have done work as illustrators, and the Birmingham School is fairly well known in the book world. Allied with the school is the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, of which also Mr. New is a member. Mr. New belongs as well to the Arts and Crafts Society, and it was at one of the exhibitions of that society at the New Gallery that Mr. Lane became acquainted with his work. In addition to "The Compleat Angler," Mr. New has illustrated for Mr. Lane "In the Garden of Peace," a volume of "The Arcady Library," by Mrs. Caldwell Crofton (Helen Milman), and he is now beginning work on an edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne," to be issued uniform with the "New" Walton, as well as upon a second volume by Mrs. Crofton, to be entitled "Outside the Garden." With his fellow workers Mr. New contributed to the magazine of the Birmingham Guild, the *Quest*, which was printed as well as written and illustrated by members of the Guild. Mr. New has also illustrated a little pocket hand-book to Oxford and its colleges for Messrs. Methuen and Co., but I am uncertain whether this is yet published.

Lovers of Dickens will be interested to learn that a bed has been endowed and established at Guy's Hospital, under the title of "The Tiny Tim Cot," which is intended as a Portsmouth memorial to Dickens, who was born at our great Naval seaport. The idea was originated by Dr. Charles Knott, a resident in that town and an old Guy's man. Being a relative of Mrs. John Billington, so long associated with Toole, he invoked her aid, and she gave the fund a "send-off" with a dramatic recital. Mrs. Keeley, the veteran actress, sent a contribution of twenty-eight pounds, the balance of the benefit given her on her ninetieth birthday. Donations were also sent by Mr. J. L. Toole, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Henry Dickens, Q.C., Mr. Joseph Hutton, Miss May Dickens, and others; but the bulk of the money (five hundred pounds) was raised in Portsmouth by Dr. Knott. The idea is capable of extension. Why not a "Little Nell Cot," a "Paul Dombey Cot," and an "Oliver Twist Cot"? By the way, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens was cartooned in *Vanity Fair* last week.

When Mr. Pinero introduced the box of toys for the young men at Ronny St. Roche's house to play with, in the second act of "The Princess and the Butterfly," many people supposed that the playwright had fallen a victim to Ibsenic symbolism. Yet in the Sunday edition of the *New York World*, just to hand, I have been reading a long illustrated article on the queer fads of Yankee clubmen. Their latest baby-game has just been sent to them from London by Mr. Oliver Belmont, stepfather of the young Duchess of Marlborough, to Mr. Sidney Smith, of New York. It consists of a miniature Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight; the tiny figures are connected with little rubber pipes and bulbs; the players press the bulbs, and the two dolls "fall to" in the most approved style, the issue being quite uncertain, and affording, of course, a good opportunity for a gamble. There are many variations on this intellectual amusement, "Nigger Up and Nigger Down" being the best-known. Another very popular American summer betting-game, which can, however, only be played at the seaside, is a crab-race. But, when all is said and done, the French "Petits Chevaux" and "Chemin de Fer" are much the best of these losing-money games, with, of course, the one supreme exception of roulette, which has the further advantage of offering at any given moment many chances of winning to the player.

Button-collecting seems to have really caught on, and there is a general impression in America that this fad may lead to a curious change in masculine clothing. I remember some time ago alluding to the late craze for portrait buttons, and even now what are styled "Presidential" buttons are still greatly worn; but, of course, collectors try to secure the exquisite eighteenth century specimens designed and even painted by such artists as Fragonard and Boucher. Isabeau, the painter of Napoleon, often turned an honest penny when he was still young and unknown by painting buttons. The costliest objects of this kind ever

made were worn by Louis XIV.; one single set of twenty-four buttons, each containing a diamond, was valued at his death at sixty-four thousand pounds. Nothing can be prettier than the tiny gold buttons which used to be worn on men's waistcoats. In one year alone the Grand Monarque spent sixty-three thousand pounds on plain gold and jewelled buttons. Nowadays a great trade is done in Paris in imitation *boutons anciens*, and it is very difficult to tell the old from the new. All over Germany and Austria are to be found very fine collections, sent during the last century by members of the French Court to their German relations and friends. In France the Revolution caused people to scatter and break up similar treasures.

Mr. Anthony Evans gave a humorous and dramatic recital in the Banqueting-Room of the St. James's Hall last week. His recitations consisted of E. Nesbit's "Ballad of Splendid Silence," A. Berlyn's "Coming Home," and G. R. Sims's "Browns of Walham Green." In the second part he gave Dickens's "Horatio Sparkins," and Max Adeler's "High Art Music." Miss M. A. Campbell and Mr. Johann Davids played a pianoforte and violin duet, Handel's "Sonata in A"; Miss Katherine Iganoff, Madame Lydia Lebrun, and Miss Curnow sang, and Mr. Johann Davids gave a violin solo. The conductors were Madame Mera and Mrs. Robertshaw.

It is my impression that the extraordinary individual now sitting on the throne of Malabar, and who claims to have found the remains of the Ark on Ararat, was to be met with in London drawing-rooms not so very long ago. In any case, he was much *en evidence* at the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago during the World's Fair. The Rev. John Joseph Nouri, Pontifical General of Malabar and Chaldean Archdeacon of Babylon and Jerusalem, as he then styled himself, has had a very extraordinary career. He is undoubtedly a Prince of Chaldea, and he has been received as an equal by the Shah of Persia and by King John of Abyssinia. He made quite a stir in America until he confided to some "newspaper man" that he had discovered the remains of the Ark. What is somewhat ambiguously styled "insanity proceedings" took place, and he was confined in a Californian lunatic asylum for some time. At last he escaped, thanks to the efforts of a worthy American divine who believed in his marvellous stories. Now, this latter-day "Dr. Jacobs" is actually King of the Chaldeans, and he lives in a gorgeous palace in Tricolum, the centre of the Eastern Greek Church. Those who wish to see the Ark can do so, according to King Nouri, by exploring Mount Ararat; at a distance of six thousand feet above the sea, perched upon a pinnacle of rock, they will see, cradled in ice, a rude vessel of enormous size, which, unless it be some sort of prehistoric flying-machine, must obviously be all that remains of Noah's Ark.

One of the most striking figures at the Grant Tomb celebrations was Joseph, chief of the Nez-Perces tribe of Red Indians, who was accompanied by Olo-Cut, a sub-chief. He was captured at the Bear Paw Mountain fight in 1879, but was exchanged for Lieutenant Lovell Jerome. Strange to say, Jerome and Joseph met again at the Grant ceremonies.

The National Press Agency is moving from 13, Whitefriars Street, to Whitefriars House, its new premises on the Embankment, at the conjunction of Carmelite Street and Tallis Street. I am glad to hear of the growing prosperity which has prompted this migration, especially as it adds a very handsome building to the not too numerous architectural attractions of London. There is a deadly prejudice in our commercial classes against ornamental architecture when applied to places of business. Many worthy people bitterly complained of the attempt to give a touch of beauty to the exterior of Board Schools. Now the aspect of London, and especially of the Embankment, is a national possession, and I congratulate the Press Agency on the public spirit which has permitted Mr. Edwin T. Hall, the architect, and Mr. H. G. Williams, the builder, to give rein to artistic fancy in terra-cotta oriel windows. Fancy the inspiration of Mr. Arthur Spurgens, the managing editor, when he looks out of an oriel window! A house-dinner was held at the Holborn Restaurant to celebrate the opening of the new building. Lord Cork, chairman of the N.P.A. company, presided, and Mr. Thomas Ellis, M.P., Professor Stuart, M.P., Mr. Ernest Parke, Mr. L. F. Austin, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Dawson Rogers, and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy were among the guests. A handsome tea-service was presented to Mr. Reburn, the business manager, in recognition of his services for many years.



NEW BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY.



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MADAME EMMA EAMES.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.



## FROM THE THEATRES.

It may be suggested that "Virginus" is now on its trial—that unless the present excellent revival succeeds in winning the favour of the public the famous tragedy will be banished to the category of the rarely read and never acted. "Never acted" may be too strong, since the part of the Roman father may from time to time tempt a "star" actor more mindful



MR. BARRETT AS VIRGINIUS.

Photo by Barrauds, Limited, Oxford Street, W.

of his fame than of chance of success. I do not suggest that Mr. Wilson Barrett has yielded to such temptation, for I think that his production is due to sincere belief in the play which has in the past been deemed almost a masterpiece.

Will the experiment succeed? One cannot learn the answer to this question from the critics, since some declare that it is still a living drama, and others assert that it is dead. So the public must decide. I hazard a guess that the answer will be unfavourable. To me it seems that the public is less superficially imaginative than it used to be, and therefore less prone to sympathise with obvious emotional effects. We are getting into the habit of looking below the surface, and there is little below the surface in "Virginus." It is well to say that it has a "strong undercurrent of human feeling"—the subject has, truly, but not the play. The dialogue, with its rounded, empty periods, is type of all in the drama—obvious, easily effective, and easily exhausted.

The performance gives every chance to the work of Sheridan Knowles. The mounting nicely hits the mean between distracting splendour and meanness; nor does it matter if occasionally a tinge of Babylon is to be found in the Roman architecture. The company is sound throughout, and some of the acting admirable. For instance, Mr. Wilson Barrett's Virginus, if not a gem of acting such as his Pete, is a powerful, vigorous piece of work, in a style that suits the play. Mr. Franklin McLeay, despite a vexing laugh, was almost, perhaps quite, brilliant in his presentation of the sturdy patriot-Dentatus. Mr. Brydone gave character to the part of the cowardly, cruel, lustful Appius, and Mr. Percival, in the part of Claudius, was remarkably effective. Miss Maud Jeffries, a charming Virginia, if a trifle too womanly, and Miss Frances Ivor, excellent as Servia, must also be named.

"Where there's a will there's a way" is the capital line of "A. A. B." concerning "Solomon's Twins," and it hits the point. For if an idiotic testator had not declared that, in the event of Mrs. Sweeting giving birth to twins, the fortune bequeathed to her should pass to her nephew Ralph, Mr. Kinsey Peile could hardly have written his play. It is a cruel thing to have twins between you and a fortune, and one cannot be surprised that Mrs. Sweeting, far from flaunting her double-barrelled maternity before the world, was even too reticent on the subject, and went so far as to hide the twins at a baby-farm. But twins will out, and in the end Mrs. Sweeting and her husband Solomon, an unwitting *particeps criminis*, found themselves and the fortune in the power of Ralph, who, however, when Mrs. Sweeting threatened litigation, grasped the fact that the Courts might not give judicial sanction to the idiotic condition, and effected a handsome compromise. Ere this

discovery and solution took place, the parties had many adventures in a boarding-house at Mudend-on-Sea, and Ralph, in his efforts to discover the mystery which enshrouded the conduct of Mrs. Sweeting, and suggested fraud, was even driven to such a step as disguising himself and appearing in bicycling bloomers as the Comtesse de Monte Carlo.

Perhaps the base public that pays will take a fancy to Mr. Peile's inoffensive, artless, comical farce, and its collection of highly coloured, crusted old friends, if the piece he put on for a run with such a cast as presented it on Monday afternoon; and, if a theatre could be found at once, most of the company might be engaged. So many parts were cleverly played that it would be unreasonable to expect anything like detailed criticism. Selecting what seem to me the best, I should express my admiration at the work of Messrs. Charles Collette, James Welch, Blakeley, Wyces, George Giddens, and Miss Alice Beet, one of the cleverest of lodging-house "generals."

Even its enemies must have been rather pleased to see that there is still life in the Independent Theatre Society, since losing it was to be robbed of matter for fierce discussion and heated "copy." Its revival of "A Doll's House" was perhaps in some measure a matter of gratitude, and I think that the desire to show Mr. Courtenay Thorpe's *Hielmer* was another element. The new Thorvald is exceedingly clever, but also too demonstrative. His conduct on receiving the letter would have better suited the news that Nora had eloped with Dr. Rank and the bank balance. He lacked the sublimely priggish air perfectly given by Mr. Herbert Waring. Very clever, very ingenious, and not quite the true style, is what must be said. The Dr. Rank and Krogstadt of Mr. Charles Charrington and Mr. Fulton remain admirable, almost perfect pieces of art. Miss Janet Achurch, to whom the Ibsenites owe an immense debt, seemed now rather anxious to surprise than to please. She has stripped her part of the charm in the earlier scenes which used to distinguish it, and I do not think that the astonishing skill of her work in the last act makes amends—and it was of astonishing ability. It is difficult to guess why an actress of such intelligence and sincerity should fail to see the necessity for making Nora as charming and coquettish as possible in order to explain the kind of affection that Thorvald had for her. However, it seems to be a tradition of the Society that in such work charm is to be minimised, or, at least, confined as far as possible to the intellectual.

"The Tempest" presents perhaps more difficulties than any other of Shakspeare's plays to the modern stage-manager who would provide for



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS VIRGINIA.

Photo by Barrauds, Limited, Oxford Street, W.

its delicate fancy and wealth of imaginative detail a fit local habitation on the boards, from which it is, for this reason, too constantly in banishment. Within the past few weeks, however, this play has been mounted on two separate stages. First came Mr. F. R. Benson's elaborate reproduction, with Taubert's suite of incidental music, as one of the chief features of the Shakspeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon; and

now the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club has given another revival of the piece. When the limitations of the stage of the Matinée Theatre (late St. George's Hall) are borne in mind, the I.A.D.C. is to be heartily congratulated on the completeness of the illusion which it contrived to impart to several of the chief scenes. The Irving Club's rendering of "The Tempest" is, to a great extent, its own, its recent reproduction having been in essentials a replica of its former revival of the play some years ago, and, in common with all the Shaksperian performances of the club, this revival was marked by considerable intelligence and spirit. The Miranda of Miss Marion Morris had the requisite simplicity and grace, but was lacking in tenderness in the scenes with her father. The wooing of Miranda was very prettily played, however, both by Miss Morris and by Mr. Patrick Munro, as Ferdinand. Mr. Ernest Meade made a dignified Prospero, and spoke his lines with excellent effect; and Mr. Caswall Smith played Stephano, the drunken butler, with a good deal of genuine comedy, even though his indications of the man's bibulous tendencies were not always very convincing. The Ariel of Miss May Cull was bright and sprightly, though devoid of all suggestion of the supernatural element. But, then,



MISS MARION MORRIS AS MIRANDA IN "THE TEMPEST."

the part is perhaps the most difficult for stage realisation in the whole range of the Shaksperian drama.

Two excellent provincial companies playing "The Geisha" have just been appearing in the London district. In Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's company there is now a new O Mimosa San in the person of that old Carl Rosa favourite, Miss Minnie Hunt, whose charm and talent *The Sketch* did much to bring before the theatre-going world. The same part in Mr. George Edwardes's company is, as was mentioned a few weeks ago, filled by Miss Hilda Moody, whose portrait then adorned one of these columns. Her name reminds me that Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners, before leaving Johannesburg, took part there in a Choral Festival that was described by one of the local papers as making a new epoch in the musical annals of South Africa. Indeed, the unprecedented success of the "Cornish Nightingale," on the Rand, forms one of the pleasantest phases of Madame Moody's artistic career.

Miss Annie Hughes and her husband, Mr. Edmund Maurice, will certainly please provincial audiences with "Sweet Nancy" on their forthcoming tour, but I am less sanguine as to how our country cousins will take to Mrs. Oscar Beringer's realistic little play of London life, "A Bit of Old Chelsea."



MISS MAY CULL AS ARIEL IN "THE TEMPEST."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.



## "OLD CLO'," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

A grim figure hanging to a lamp-post. It kicks, jerks, then is still. Pierrot is insensible. His own hands had tied the cord, his own feet kicked away the bench. Why? A momentary whim for death coming from the burden of empty pockets. A pretty woman, Musidora, the dancer, comes out of a neighbouring café, bids good-bye to those who wished to accompany her, sets out alone and bumps against the swinging body. Horror! She cuts it down. The heart is still beating—faintly. She presses her warm bosom against him, and its full pulse stimulates life in him; a kiss completes the cure. Pierrot is in life and in love. The benefactress—common rule—falls in love with the creature she has saved. She permits him to return the kiss. She promises more, and bids him welcome to her dainty home, then darkens the night by vanishing.

Pierrot is wild with joy till a sudden thought—he is not fit to be seen in his white rags. An "Old Clo'" man, three-hatted, comes by, swords under his arm, and over it gorgeous crimson robes. Pierrot asks his aid, but his terms are cash. As the old man goes into the café, Pierrot steals one of the swords. Suddenly the blade whispers to Pierrot; he trembles; his throat, already strained by the cord, dries up, for the idea is too awful. But the idea fascinates him, then dominates, and, when the old man comes out of the café, Pierrot drives the sword through him from back to front. The old man falls, twists, squirms, dies. The murderer seizes the garment and his victim's purse, bundles the body into a cellar, and thinks he is clear of his crime. But Pierrot has gone too far in crime, and awakened his conscience. Cries of "Old Clo'!" assail him from all sides, and he

rushes from the place. He had a Cain's fate. In the gorgeous garment due to his crime, he went to the house of Musidora; and when he danced, his partner became "Old Clo'"; when he drank, the dead man's lips soiled the loving-cup, and the masked figure with which he rioted was but the ghastly image of remorse. Worse remained. The dancer was as amiable as she was beautiful, and offered him her embraces without stint; but when he sought to take the lovely creature in his amorous arms, she was transmuted into the fearful body of the old Jew, and her lover fled in horror and disgust. Alas, poor Pierrot! At the ball he had unwittingly insulted one of the guests, who demanded satisfaction,



M. SÉVERIN.  
Photo by Benque, Paris.

which the hapless murderer was afraid to refuse. So he went to the forest to fight, and screwed up his courage to rapier-point. His adversary was of no great skill, and Pierrot held his own till suddenly a change occurred and his opponent became the hateful figure of the "'Chand d'Habits." Who could resist such an enemy? In a minute the luckless creature of pleasure found himself disarmed, helpless, and curious concerning his fate. Suddenly he discovered that sticking out of the Jew's body was the sword with which he had been killed, the deadend that Pierrot had not buried; and he learned from the fearful carnal apparition that, despite his efforts to escape, a hypnotic force would drive him into the arms of "Old Clo'," where he must perish on the protruding sword as if he were in the embrace of the Iron Maid of Nuremberg. His struggles were prodigious and fruitless. Pierrot was empaled and died—and came to life promptly, and continued his fantastical, eventful, a-moral career.

One must overlook first-night hitches and lateness. The piece has been better conceived than executed by Catulle Mendès. The performance was superb. M. Séverin when hanging as Pierrot, when gazing at the seductive sword, when joyful in his wealth, and when attracted to death as a bird by a snake, was wonderfully powerful, and proved himself to be a brilliant mime. Mlle. Zanfretta was delightful as Musidora, and Mr. Lauri acted cleverly as "Old Clo'."

M. Séverin is one of the lucky people who find themselves suddenly famous. One cannot deny that a well-earned reputation at Marseilles may make a man justly proud; moreover, Marseilles occupies in relation to Paris a greater position than that of any English provincial city. Nevertheless, Paris is as supremely a Mecca to the French artist as London to the English. Catulle Mendès brought M. Séverin from Marseilles to Paris, and the native of the exuberant Midi took the great city by storm. To the expert, birth at Marseilles seems a

splendid accident for the mime, since it suggests the promise of a perfect alliance of two schools—of the Italian, with its tendency to the romantic, which in miming is apt to express itself in over-rhythmic mode and over-abundance of dancing-measure, and the French, ever anxious in search of pure art, to be too severe, too classic. It must be borne in mind that, to the worshipper of the Cannebière, speech is little more than mere accompaniment to gesture, and M. Séverin ascribes much of his mute eloquence to the influence of his birthplace. His artistic career has been confined to the wordless—to the expression of ideas by means of the silence that is golden. We have had no few Pierrots in London; in a moment one may mention Jane May, Litini, and Félicia Mallet, to say nothing of the lady who appeared at the Criterion on the revival of "L'Enfant Prodigue."

None of them, however, has the same style as M. Séverin, who has inherited the famous traditions of Deburau and Rouffe. It is needless to say that his Pierrot in "'Chand d'Habits" is not his only part, but the names of his successes in his native city would be Turkish to the English reader.



PIERROT'S SERENADE.

## A VETERAN ACTRESS.

Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, who made her début eighty years ago, now lives in Harlem, United States, and the Dunlap Society is about to publish her autobiography. As may be easily imagined, she was an infant prodigy; she was only six years old when she appeared at Drury Lane in Garrick's

"Lilliput," and very shortly after she scored quite a success as Shylock. Beau Brummel and her father were great friends, and she has retained a lively recollection of the famous dandy. On more than one occasion she appeared before the Prince Regent, and when only fourteen, she played Albert to Macready's Tell. Mrs. Maeder went to America in 1827. She made a great sensation in New York, and for sixty years the American public have remained faithful to their favourite. Few women on the stage or off have had more interesting experiences. The year after she went to America, while a guest at a Twelfth Night Ball, she was elected Queen of the Revels, and the gentleman who drew the King, and who was

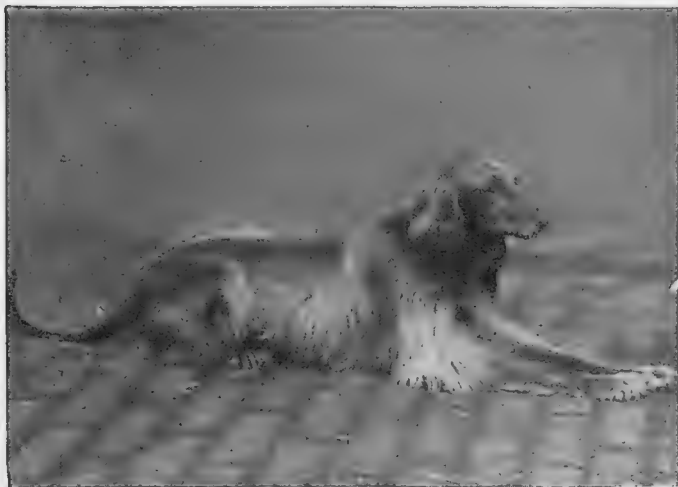


PIERROT PLEADING.  
Photo by Benque, Paris.

installed next her on an imitation throne, was Louis Napoleon, destined to become, some twenty-three years later, Emperor of the French. Mrs. Maeder's last appearance was in Baltimore in 1889. On that occasion she took the part of Mrs. Jeremiah Jobletts in the "Lottery of Love." Her ease would seem to prove that a histrionic career has a particularly good effect on both the physical and mental capacities of those who adopt it.

SOME FAMOUS PET DOGS.

*Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



MR. J. WHITBREAD'S AFGHAN BARUKHZY HOUND, SHAHZADA.



MR. W. R. H. TEMPLE'S CHOWS, RUDDIGORE AND LEYSWOOD BLUEBELL.



MRS. H. C. BROOKE'S ESQUIMAUX, ARCTIC KING.



MRS. GRAVES' BLACK CORDED POODLE, CHAMPION LYRIBEL.



MR. E. S. WOODIWISS'S DACHSHUND, CHAMPION WISEACRE.



MRS. COLLIS'S BLENHEIM SPANIEL, PRIMA DONNA.



## THE REVIVAL OF CHARLES LEVER

## A GOSSIP ABOUT THE NOVELIST.

This is a talk concerning Charles Lever, in connection with the notable edition of his novels which Mr. Downey is issuing. Any points that throw light on an author as an individual are always interesting. Now, Lever was quite a remarkable personality, and, like Stevenson, he permeates his writings.

Why the present edition? That (writes a *Sketch* representative) was the point where we began—meaning the first question I asked

Mr. Downey. Have you read that novel "Through Green Glasses"? It is signed "F. M. Allen," as are other well-known volumes. Mr. Downey and "F. M. Allen" are one and the same, only, to be sure, there's no news in that. No successful writer, in these days of the paragraph, could remain behind a *nom-de-guerre*. We shouldn't tolerate the thing.

"As to this new Lever," said Mr. Downey, who couldn't for the world have been got to say a word of himself—"as to the Lever, you will have noticed from the prospectus that it is appearing under the editorship of the novelist's daughter, Mrs. Nevill. During his last visit to

England, Lever had arranged, with her aid, to revise his novels. The project, however, was interrupted by his death, and so the matter has stood."

"In a word, then, there was a clear call for your Lever?"

"I had always wished to bring out a fitting edition of him; he never had been put into such a dress as he deserved. I am sure most people will agree with me that Lever stands first, by a head-and-shoulders, among Irish novelists. High as his name is, I don't think he has been sufficiently appreciated in one respect—for his qualities as a story-teller. The idea has been to take him as a *farceur*, but really he is a grand story-teller."

"The issue which you have begun should make his stories all the pleasanter to read—the text edited and revised, the original plates of 'Phiz' and Cruikshank for illustrations, the volumes printed by Constable?"

"A gentleman having much to do with the direction of one of our libraries told me a little bit of personal experience which applies to those points. He had been ill, and the doctor had said, 'Better get something lively to read; it will waken you up.' He sought for Lever, but could not get him in a form very easy to read. 'Why don't you,' he subsequently suggested to me, 'bring out an edition of Lever that a sick man could read?' Well, that wish is pretty certain to be gratified."

"How many books did Lever write?"

"About thirty big volumes altogether. He was writing from 1837 to 1872, and he was an excessively hard worker, notwithstanding the gout. He suffered from it all his life long, and he remarks himself that he finished 'Harry Lorrequer' with the goutiest hand in Brussels. Of course, he was living in Brussels, being attached as doctor to the British Legation there. That has been disputed, but it seems to me to be accurate enough. His office probably didn't bring him any stipend, but it practically made him the doctor of the English colony in Brussels, which, in the late 'thirties, was a position of considerable value."

"Lever was never a soldier, was he? How did he come to write military stories?"

"I think he did for a time hold a commission in a militia regiment in Ireland, but that was the extent of his military service. He no doubt got the idea of military fiction from his friend Hamilton Maxwell, another Irishman, who had written several rollicking novels. This was earlier than Brussels—it would have been at Port Stewart, where Lever was a dispensary doctor. Further, Lever took an interest in all matters relating to Napoleon, and then there were many old Peninsulars in Brussels—men full of reminiscence of the war in Spain and Portugal."

"Was Lever of Celtic descent? Rather, Saxon, was it not?"

"Yes, he was a Dublin man descended from English stock. Although not Celtic, his Irish brogue is perfect; I know no other Irish writer who sets down the brogue so truly. Lever had an amazing memory. He had a genius for photographing things on his own mind and then expressing them. Lever's humour, said Edgar Allan Poe, was a humour of the memory, not of the imagination. What Allan Poe meant was that he gathered up Irish humour, and one might almost say that ninety per cent. of the humorous stories of Ireland are to be found in his books."

"At the same time, he had himself the true gift of humour?"

"Undoubtedly. Somebody has put it that you could not waken Lever without finding him laughing. He drew himself in 'Harry Lorrequer,' his first book, and also in others of his writings. Mickey Free, probably his most popular creation, was modelled not upon any single person, but upon a thousand Irish types. The powerful pieces of writing in Lever, like his qualities as story-teller, have not perhaps been fully appreciated. There are some wonderfully fine passages, for instance, in 'Jack Hinton,' and there you see examples of the dramatic situations which Lever could draw."

"Have any of his novels been dramatised?"

"I should think so, in some sort or another; but I am not aware of there being any standing adaptations, so to speak. Tipperary Joe in 'Jack Hinton' was the model used by Boucicault in 'The Shaughraun.' Boucicault dressed from the picture of Tipperary Joe, which had been sketched by 'Phiz.' By-the-by, until Lever took him there, 'Phiz' had never been to Ireland, which circumstance made his sketches all the more remarkable. In the opinion of people qualified to express an opinion—I should hardly care to give my own—the original plates of Cruikshank and 'Phiz' have never come up so well as in the present edition."

"Was one of Lever's novels not published anonymously—I mean after he had reached to fame?"

"Yes, 'Con Cregan.' He worked simultaneously at that novel and another one, 'The Daltons.' When 'Con Cregan' appeared, Lever was warned by some of the critics to look to his laurels—that there was another Richmond in the field. About the writing of the two novels together Lever told a story something to this effect: 'A medical friend of mine, when an interesting event happened in his family, resorted to the adulteration of his Epsom salts. An event has occurred in my family, for which I was not altogether prepared, and, having no Epsom salts to adulterate, I can only write a second novel.'"

"Women are the great patrons of novelists, old and new; do they read Lever?"

"They ought to do so. He has, by some, hardly been considered a novelist in whom women could take an interest. From that I differ, because, as I have already remarked, he could narrate a story splendidly, and because there is a great deal of love interest in his stories. Lever never put anything questionable into his books, and he could leave them, as he wrote himself, to be read by the daughters and granddaughters of his own friends."

One other point which Mr. Downey mentioned I might bring out, namely, that Lever instructed his daughter to take as many of the French words as possible out of his books. In Brussels he was among French, and, moreover, the French phrase was the literary fashion of his time.

He lived late enough to see the change, and others may note it in what will no doubt be the standard issue of the most famous group of Irish novels.

## LATTICED MUSHROOMS.

May is the month of the merry morel, or latticed mushroom, which you may find in woods and orchards. It is comparatively rare, and it is also difficult to find, for, owing to its formation and colour, it can hardly be distinguished from its surroundings. Unlike many species of fungi, however, when it is once seen it is impossible to be mistaken, for its curious form and honeycomb, or lattice-work, markings are very characteristic. It has an extremely delicate flavour, being far superior to the ordinary mushroom. Indeed, I have heard it said that the Germans used to be so fond of it that they burned down whole forests to get room to grow this delicacy, and it was not until very severe laws and penalties had been imposed that the practice was stopped. This reminds me of the Chinaman who burned his house to obtain roast pork. The morel is found in this country during April, May, and June, and affects the woodlands and orchards.



LATTICED MUSHROOMS.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The print-loving public is at last becoming alive to the fact that photogravures or mechanical reproductions of pictures lack that choiceness and distinction which attaches to engravings. The prices obtained at recent auctions for mezzotints of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is an index of the artistic worth of these old engravings, and it must be evident to anyone that mechanical reproductions can never increase in value, seeing that they do not appeal to the connoisseur. There is a want of "life" and sparkle about photogravures which, lacking "the tricks of the tools' true play," may best be described as "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." Mezzotinting is a long, trying, and delicate craft; but its superiority over other methods for giving the *quality* of paint makes it unrivalled. Its richness, variety, and brilliancy make mechanical processes seem flat and monotonous by contrast, nor is there any "quality" of surface or luminosity of tone such as mezzotint yields.

Among the very few mezzotints in this year's Royal Academy I notice "Florimel," after a drawing by H. Ryland, engraved by Fred Miller, whose plates of "Lorna Doone," "Beata Beatrix," "Imogen," are well known. I have not noticed before the combination of mezzotint and line which Mr. Fred Miller has employed in "Florimel," for, while the elaborate orange-tree background is in line, the figure is in mezzotint, and the combination seems to me both pleasing and effective. The proofs, of which only 125 are printed, signed by both artist and engraver, are on India-paper, and, judging by the one before me, are



FLORIMEL.

Reproduced from the Mezzotint by Fred Miller, after Henry Ryland.

excellent specimens of Mr. Ross's printing. The proofs are published by Mr. F. King, 24, Great Titchfield Street, W.

One's first word, after wandering through the Academy Galleries, is that customary one, "There is no picture of the year." There are, in truth, some pictures of beauty and of singular merit; but there is none of which you can truthfully declare that it is, in the cant phrase, a "sensation." Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Carl Meyer and her two children is a most brilliant piece of work, gay and vital—from the lovely painting of the hair to the exquisite life, indicated by the mere cocking of a shoe; and his portrait also of the Hon. Laura Lister is full of charm and sympathy. But they cannot be described as "pictures of the year"—they do not capture and shake one as did a few years back, for example, the same painter's "Carmencita."

Among the curious things to note about this year's Academy is the fact that Mr. Byam Shaw has painted one of the best and one of the worst pictures that hang upon the walls. His "Love's Baubles" may be, as a clever critic has described it, "like nothing in life," but it also has a beauty like nothing in life. The colour is intense, but it is brilliant and glowing; the grouping of the dancing figures may be deliberate, but they have very great dramatic suggestiveness; and there is one little passage of light in the far distance that is not only convincing, but also poetical both in conception and in execution. It is almost incredible that the artist who painted so interesting and significant a picture should have



MRS. WALTER WARD.—MISS DOROTHY LEVESON.

LUCILLE.—DOUGLAS ROBINSON.  
Exhibited at the English Art Club.



been guilty of so mawkish a piece of sentiment as "The Comforter," which has no place whatever in art.

Lady Butler's "Steady the Drums and Fifes!" is really as good as anything she has ever done; but the fashion of popularity in this particular kind of work seems to have died out. Mr. E. A. Abbey's "Hamlet" is extremely interesting, and even fine; but one cannot resist the feeling that the fashion of popularity which comes and goes, and which has come to Mr. Abbey's manner of historical painting, may go at any hour, in any year. Among the portraits, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's "H. Rider Haggard, Esq.," has a certain rugged splendour about it, but the figure is not rightly placed; Mr. Haggard seems to be slipping downhill on his heels, and the somewhat serious glances of his eyes seem only to emphasise the fact that he is doing his best to preserve his equilibrium.

Mr. John M. Swan's animals are always delightful, and his "Tigress and Cubs at a Torrent" is full of vitality and spirit. The truth of the thing seems, to one who can only guess the reality, absolute and overwhelming. The President of the Academy sends a well-executed and solid portrait of Mr. Sidney Colvin, and a fancy subject in "The Message," prettily devised and prettily painted. Mr. Edward Gregory's "Boulter's Lock: Sunday Afternoon," is an ambitious attempt to show the colour of the river and

of the fashion of the river in a moment of gaiety and sunlight; but he is only successful in patches, as it were, and the picture scarcely pleases as a whole. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Christmas Eve" is an extremely clever study of twilight and lamplight, well painted and most cunningly observed; but, on the whole, it is not the kind of picture in which one delights. You stand outside it and admire it; you do not love it.

The work of most of the well-known men, apart from this little list, is customary enough. Mr. Luke Fildes shows his old mastery in portraiture—a mastery that just stops on this side of first-rate excellence; Mr. Herkomer's portrait of "Thomas J. Lipton, Esq.," is fine in its way; Mr. Shannon has a number of good portraits to represent him; Mr. Walter Horsley joins quite an army of painters who have this year been smitten by the Napoleon fever; Mr. George Boughton is pleasant and attractive in his "After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century"; Mr. W. P. Frith—immortal artist!—sends a "Juliet on the Balcony"; and Mr. C. Napier Hemy's "Pilchards" is strong and breezy.

Messrs. Landecker, Lee, and Brown have just published a very charming engraving of Mr. J. Haynes-Williams's Royal Academy picture "Unannounced: Every Cloud Engenders not a Storm," of which not more than two hundred and fifty proofs will be issued.



THE ACCIDENT.—JAMES P. BEADLE:  
Exhibited in the New Gallery.



INTERIOR OF TINTERN ABBEY, LOOKING WEST.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON.

## THE SPARROW-HAWK.

The sparrow-hawk (*accipiter nisus*) is the commonest and most generally distributed of the British hawks. It lives and flourishes in defiance of the keeper and the poultry-farmer, the gun, and that piece of misdirected ingenuity, the pole-trap. The sparrow-hawk affects the more civilised districts, as being those where food is most plentiful. You will find it in the lowland woods and coppices within easy reach of moorland or cultivation, where a supply of young game or of small birds may be depended on. In winter its daily beat includes all the stackyards in the neighbourhood, for there do mostly congregate the bird population in search of grain. The suddenness of the silence caused by the appearance of the sparrow-hawk over a stackyard can only be compared to that which descends upon a class-room when the master opens the door. This hawk always seizes with its claws, and I have observed that in killing its victim it pierces the skull with the point of its beak, thus obeying the natural law, which dictates that the quickest, and therefore least painful, means of death shall be employed by predatory creatures. The sparrow-hawk pairs for life, and builds its nest on the sturdy branch of a tree near the trunk. The eggs, of delicate bluish-green, blotched and marbled with reddish-brown, are easily recognised.

## ROOK-SHOOTING.

At some period of May, varying with the conditions of the season, the shooter, whose gun has been off-duty since February began, regards the month with as much interest as does the fly-fisher. For it affords the former the recreation of rook-shooting, when otherwise his chance of burning powder would be small indeed.

Rook-shooting is not magnificent, but it is sport. It has two phases, that of the shot-gun, and that of the pea-rifle. The latter is the most scientific. But the hilarity of the occasion for everyone concerned (except the young rooks) is chiefly associated with the ordinary fowling-piece. And with this branch of the sport there are as much laughter and noise as shooting. Indeed, the occasion is a kind of village festival. And though the crack shot looks down on it from the height of his disdain as poor indeed in comparison with the slaughter of more honourable birds, the numerous humbler handlers of the gun regard a rook or rabbit shoot as one of the delights of the year. On this occasion gunners and guns are alike curious. By invitation of owner or head-keeper, those part whose co-operation, stimulated by good-will, counts for much in the preservation of game-eggs—thus the promise of May becomes the performance of September and October. All sorts of guns are here to-day, from the newest hammerless arrangement to the ancient muzzle-loader; single of barrel but famous for long shots, which grow longer as the owner's memory is stimulated by home-brewed ale.

The "immemorial elms" are magnificent in beauty of young leafage, the trees which are the "stateliest of the woodland realm." High up amid the tracery of multitudinous twigs which top the massive branches are the big, well-built nests which were begun in March, and round which at morn and eve echo innumerable cawings, which are among the most pleasant of rural sounds. Inside those nests, or on their edges, are the young rooks, just now the object of the gunners' warm attentions, and suggesting pies wherein they will repose on juicy steak, surrounded by hard-boiled eggs and gravy. By the way, Waterton asserts that broiled rook is a *bonne bouche* which should be widely appreciated.

And now the fusillade commences. Many shots are fired, and smoke floats hither and thither, accompanied by jest, "chaff," and Homeric laughter, for, somehow or other, the proportion of successful shots is small. At first the guns little disturb the equanimity of the sagacious colony. But by-and-by the smell of villainous saltpetre (which is the special abhorrence of the rook) becomes stronger. The reek even overpowers parental instinct, and, with clamorous cawings, which mingle with the irregular file-firing from below, the old birds rise in a cloud from the trees. Higher and higher they mount, their voices growing fainter, their forms smaller with distance, until their aspect is that of starlings. So in more or less compact order they make for some deep and distant woodland, where they will remain until the evening and tranquillity round their elms return. Meanwhile, the firing below those majestic trees has grown brisk. The young rooks, some hit on the boughs, some on the edges of the nest, here and there drop to the ground. Some gradually pitch with feeble flutterings through the branches. Some tumble prone. Others remain on the lowest twigs. When sitting on the nest's edge they usually drop into it when shot, and, indeed, most of those actually bagged have been hit when on the bough.

But it is by no means so easy to those who have never tried it to hit a sitting young rook as it seems. The wind sways the branch, usually just as the gun is fired, and, trifling as is the deviation, it is enough. Then follows a running fire of another sort, of "chaff" and village wit, especially when the shooter thinks something of himself. The rule which prevails at more dignified shooting-gatherings of "never speaking to a man on his shot" is here unknown. For half the fun consists in criticising the performers, betting on gun or rook, and generally endeavouring to shake the gunner's nerves. Thus do they say at the old-fashioned gatherings.

And not seldom the man from town has to hide his diminished head, his most modern of breechloaders notwithstanding. Some quaint old village hand, with an ancient muzzle-loader, has effectively "wiped" the Londoner's "eye" more than once. The rustic aims with stolid deliberation, nor moves a muscle of his russet-hued, weather-beaten, shrewd old face in

response to the jokes which accompany his leisurely aiming. When the ancient gun has been fired, with a report which makes "the copses ring," and a kick which would dislocate any but its owner's shoulder, he is equally impassive as the young rook comes tumbling down, and the coin which has been laid against his shot is paid and pocketed with quiet satisfaction by the veteran.

Such is the ordinary method of rook-shooting. A minority prefer the more scientific style, and use the pea-rifle. This requires skill which is not possessed by many who are very fair hands with a shot-gun. The correct sighting of the little rifle, the due allowance for windage and waving boughs, are, in a small way, items of marksmanship which suggest the stalking of far nobler game.

Young rooks are not always bagged when shot. Sometimes they drop into a network of lower boughs; sometimes they hang head downwards, clinging by their claws to the higher ones. A fair proportion, however, are usually gathered at the *finale*, though a good many charges or cartridges always remain unaccounted for. Refreshment at intervals is part of the sport. The game is usually divided, for rook-pie has numerous admirers; and in this connection I cannot better conclude than by quoting Charles Waterton's dictum that, except for its likeness to the crow, "we should see the rook sent up to the tables of the rich as often as we see the pigeon."

F. G. W.



THE SPARROW-HAWK.

Photo by Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



# THE DUMPPIES

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE:  
RECTOR, DISCOVERER:

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

The story of the Duck's ransom and subsequent arrival of the Crocodile in the Land of Low Mountains is told by the Dumpies with great pride as being the history of a double triumph. The story had its beginning in early summer, and was not fully complete until late autumn, but the Dumpy Poet Omelette has condensed it into a single tale, and the translator will follow his example.

Before beginning, it may be well to state, for the benefit of those who have never lived next door to an Alligator, that when the winter comes he swallows a number of pine-knots and lies torpid until spring. These pine-knots resist digestion somewhat, and also, no doubt, are very good for the Alligator as a resinous tonic during his long winter sleep. In the spring he ejects them, and, having become round and smooth, they are sometimes gathered and used as croquet-balls.

The tale runs as follows.

One morn in May the Dumpies lay  
Encamped beside the flowing Nile,  
When, lo! there came in haste that way  
A lean and hungry Crocodile.

And wildly fleeing, just before,  
A bird of legs and body slim;  
For thus the Duck was built of yore  
Before the Dumpies captured him.

And right into their camp he sped  
Full-tilt, a hiding-place to find;  
The Dumpy band arose and fled,  
The Terrapin remained behind

For he had met the Crocodile  
At lunches, teas, and friendly calls;  
He knew his ways and winter style—  
His autumn appetite for balls.

And quickly flashed across his mind  
A plan to set the victim free:  
"What ho, old friend! you're out, I find,  
And well and active yet," quoth he.

The Alligator paused, and the Terrapin explained that the fleeing Dumpies were his friends, and that they were not afraid, but merely



going hurriedly to find a place of safety for the Duck. He added that they were a very brave and warlike people, and at the same time kind and friendly to all animals, and especially the oppressed. He agreed that the Duck was the Crocodile's legal victim, but advised a treaty with the Dumpy people as being safer for him than a war. He then asked the Crocodile how he had slept during the winter, and was told that, owing to the scarcity of pine-knots the Fall before, his rest had been very bad, and that several times he had awakened dreaming that he had been stepped upon by the Hippopotamus.

This gave the Turtle a chance to tell the Crocodile how skillful the Dumpies were in works of art, and that no doubt they would be willing to furnish him any number of beautiful hand-made knots in the Fall, if he would control his present appetite for Duck-meat. He added further that Add-a-pose, the Dumpy artist and carver, would carve and paint the balls to resemble Ducks, so that his Fall supper would be a new and dainty treat.

This impressed the Crocodile, and the Terrapin called loudly to the flying Dumpies, who slowly returned. The contract was closed

# RANSOM OF THE DUCK



at once. The Crocodile, after signing it, sauntered away after other game, and the Dumpies returned in triumph with the grateful Duck to Dumpy Land.

The summer passed—the Duck grew fat,  
And posed each day for Add-a-pose  
To carve the wooden models that  
Were promised at the season's close.

And fatter, too, the models grew,  
To match the Duck, and short of limb,  
As all that dwell with Dumpies do,  
However tall at first, or slim.



And by-and-by the autumn came,  
And with it came the Crocodile  
His feast of painted Ducks to claim,  
And found them finished up in style.

And when he saw them, high and low,  
Arranged with neatness—side by side—  
He gazed upon that comic row,  
And laughed until he fairly cried.

Then Wiseacre stepped forth and said,  
"Remain with us a year, and see  
How royally our friends are fed,  
And what a noble tribe are we."

"'Tis done," replied the Crocodile,  
"Your arguments convince me quite."  
And he was entertained in style  
By all the Dumpy band that night.

He remained long with the hospitable Dumpies, and became as he is to-day. When winter returned he swallowed a number of the Ducks



and went to sleep. He did not need all of them, however, and those that remained were found long afterwards by hunters, and used to attract other fowls.

And this was the origin of the Decoy-duck.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "CAPTAIN SHANNON."\*

We do not say that Mr. Coulson Kernahan was guilty of the Aldersgate outrage, but it was certainly opportune to the appearance of "Captain Shannon." The Captain starts his diabolical career with this precise outrage. "A respectably dressed young man, carrying what appeared to be about a dozen well-worn volumes from Mudie's, had entered at Aldgate Station an empty first-class carriage on the Underground Railway," and, having fired the fuse attached to this disguised infernal machine, got out at the next stoppage. The explosion, which took place a little to the west of Blackfriars Station, destroyed every soul in two trains and on both platforms, with the single exception of Smith's bookstall boy, preserved presumably for advertising purposes. The streets above the line, and Blackfriars Bridge, and St. Paul's Station, and De Keyser's Hotel, and every soul in them or on them at the moment, were also blown into space. All this carnage was but incidental to the destruction of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, who had incurred the wrath of the

"Captain" by his denunciation in Parliament of the organiser of such outrages. Undeterred by the Chief Secretary's fate, the editors of the London *Daily Record* and of the Dublin *News* initiated a special crusade of their own against the monster, and paid the penalty of assassination for their patriotic temerity. As, however, the assassin of the Dublin editor was caught red-handed, and was found to have in his possession a photograph of the "Captain," the amateur detective of the story is thereby furnished with a clue. Presuming that the photograph would be a "counterfeit presentment," in another sense than Hamlet's, of the "Captain," Max Rissler, the sleuth-hound of the story, read it backward, like a witch's prayer. As the photograph represented a man who was dark and bearded, Max concluded that the original was fair and clean-shaven, and recalled, after a prolonged wrestle with his memory, his encounter with just such a man in a third-class carriage on the London, Tilbury, and Southend line. With an ingenuity which recalls one of Edgar Allan Poe's detective stories, Max traces the "Captain" to one of the dynamite-hulks stationed off Canvey Island, and Poe himself could hardly have hit upon a more appropriate hiding-place. But the "Captain," being yet more astute than his pursuer, becomes aware of the chase almost from the moment of its initiation, and a little later makes away with two of Max's subordinate detectives. That he did not, unfortunately for himself, make away with Max was due, as he afterwards explains, to his interest in the amateur detective's playing of the game. Max plays it so well that at last he comes upon the "Captain" in the very act of lighting the fuse of an infernal-machine at the back of the General Post Office. His hatred of the scoundrel is so intense and absorbing that, without waiting to extinguish the fuse, he pursues him, overtakes him, and is in the act of belabouring him ferociously when the earthquake shock of the explosion, which wrecked the top of Cheapside and half of the Post Office, saved the "Captain" at the cost almost of the life of his assailant. For three weeks Max lay between life and death through concussion of the brain, due to a blow from the falling ruins; but he is no sooner convalescent than he resumes the hunt after his escaped prey. As the "Captain" has not paid his despised pursuer the compliment even of changing his hiding-place, Max finds him still on board the dynamite-hulk. Having, at the opening of the story, succeeded in boarding the hulk—naked, and under the pretence of being spent and about to drown—and made there the acquaintance of the surly brute in charge, Max now proceeds to improve it. Through a judicious mixture of bribery and intimidation, he induces this ruffian to help him towards the capture of the "Captain," who skulks in the cabin of the hulk dressed as a woman. The hulk-keeper introduces Max on board and to the "Captain" as his brother, who is about to take charge of the hulk in his absence, and at the

moment of the introduction both the hunter and the hunted break down hysterically through the strain, in the one case of illness, and in the other of anxiety. After this hysterical outburst, and after the departure of the hulk-keeper, Max and the "Captain," left alone and face to face on the dynamite-hulk, and in that desolate reach of the river—a finely imagined situation—settle down seriously to business. The "Captain's" business is to trap Max and the hulk-keeper, on his return, into the cabin, lock them in, and fire the dynamite cargo with a fuse long enough to allow of his own escape. Towards this end he shifts the bolt of the cabin from the inside to the outside, and plugs with kneaded bread the empty screw-holes. This precaution sets Max upon the scent of the plot, since he notices the bread-plugs and notes that they are soft and therefore recently inserted. He leaves the bolt still on the outside, but so widens the screw-holes that the screws have no hold. After this mining and countermining there was an armistice for a couple of days, till the hulk-keeper, summoned back by signal, returned on board. On his return, Max, having ascertained beyond all doubt the identity of "Mrs. Hughes"

with the "Captain," resolved to call the Coastguard to his help for the arrest of the Anarchist, while the "Captain," on the other hand, was waiting only for the hulk-keeper's return to blow him and his craft and Max to the sky by exploding the cargo of dynamite. No sooner, therefore, had Max and the hulk-keeper retired together into the cabin than the "Captain," having shot the bolt on the outside of its door, rushed off to light the fuse that would explode the many hundred tons of dynamite. As, however, the bolt was unsecured, a shove shot the cabin-door open and freed its prisoners, who rushed after the "Captain" to frustrate his devilish design. It was too late. The fuse had been already fired, and as the "Captain's" revolver sent the hulk-keeper to his last account, the dynamitard and Max remained alone upon the doomed craft. A terrific blow of Max's disabled the "Captain" from all attempt to escape, while Max remained on, fascinated by the miscreant's dying confession of his crimes and of his plans. Suddenly it occurred to Max to ask himself the meaning of this long dying palaver. The sound of the spluttering fuse gave the answer. The "Captain" was simply beguiling him into delaying his escape from the hulk till it was too late to row out of reach of the tremendous effects of the explosion.

But the mask was off now, for, catching sight of the horror in my face as I leapt to my feet, he raised himself on his arm and glared at me with a countenance contorted out of all

human likeness by devilish hate and exultation. "You are too late, you—!" he shrieked. "You're too late! We're going to hell together, and, if there's a still deeper hell there, I'll seize you with a grip you can't shake off, and leap with you into the eternal fire. You can't escape me there any more than you have here. We'll burn together! You're too—!" His voice died away in the distance, for I was by this time in the dinghy, and rowing as man never rowed before. . . . When I came to myself, I was lying high and dry upon the Kentish coast, carried thither, no doubt, by the huge wave that had followed the explosion.

So absorbing and realistic is Mr. Coulson Kernahan's story that we wake out of it with a sigh of relief to find the General Post Office, Cheapside, the Underground Railway, and Blackfriars Bridge still standing where they did.

Mr. John Lart, who has collaborated with Mr. Charles H. Dickinson in the new drama at the Royalty, "A Court of Honour," was well known some years back as a theatrical notability. There was merit in his somewhat gloomy play "The Monk's Room," in which Mr. Willard appeared in the character of Sir Darrell Erne at the Globe in October 1888. Mr. Lart was afterwards also concerned with Mr. Willard in the management of the Shaftesbury Theatre—an enterprise that led, among other things, to the production of Mr. H. A. Jones's "The Middleman" and "Judah." Mr. Dickinson is not only a playwright who has before now reached the West-End boards, but also an accomplished amateur actor. As a dramatist he has hitherto shown that he possesses "ideas."



MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

\* "Captain Shannon." By Coulson Kernahan. London: Ward, Lock, and Co.



## IN FANCY-DRESS.

*Photographs by Miell and Ridley, Bournemouth.*

THE DAISY.



THE SCRAP-BOOK.



THE FAIRY QUEEN.



A COOK.



SISTERS.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY RICHARDS AND CO., BALLARAT.



## A JERUSALEM RABBI.

This venerable old Rabbi, Jacob by name, lives in Jerusalem, where he is well known and highly respected. He has long passed the allotted span of life, but time has dealt very gently with him, and he is yet hale and hearty. Like most of the Ashkenazim Rabbis, he lives upon charity, and is an industrious writer of begging-letters; but much shall be forgiven him, for he is very old, gets but little for his trouble, and devotes all his time to the study of the Law. He is well versed in the

he can revel in all the intricacies of Jewish observance, and sharpen his old wits upon the numerous disputed points of minor observance. His picturesque appearance has made him the victim of the photographer; but, then, photography is something he scarcely understands, and there is no touch of vanity about the matter. Perhaps the most curious article of attire is his hat. The reproduction shows that the brim is of fur, but a very close inspection of the original reveals the fact that there are just as many separate pieces of fur as there are tribes in Israel. All the Rabbis of the German Jews wear this peculiar cap. In a



A JERUSALEM RABBI.

Talmud, and can explain, almost to the point of justification, any subtle point of belief or observance. I saw him one evening in the Holy City, wending his way from the Wailing Wall in the company of his son Pasach, a hard-working carpenter, and was struck by his venerable appearance. The old man's life has been a simple one enough, and similar to many hundreds of others that are passing silently and happily away in the ancient city. He was a refugee, a sufferer oppressed by the restrictions of a Russian or Polish Ghetto. The hour of escape came, and after much trouble he found himself in Jerusalem. Now the days pass very pleasantly. He has enough to eat, for he is old and a little suffices;

place where so many creeds are striving for mastery, where the influx of helpless people long past power of wage-earning seems ever on the increase, where Turkish misrule doubles every difficulty, and increases envy, malice, and uncharitableness tenfold, it can be no unmixed pleasure for any but the devout to dwell in Jerusalem. For such as pass the hardships over without notice, whose life is lived meekly and without pride, whose only claim is for a bare subsistence, one must feel admiration. Therefore, the simple life of Rabbi Jacob is admirable, and one can but hope that his death may be as beautiful as his life, and his reward proportionate to his deserts.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Following up Mr. Seccombe's "Twelve Bad Men" comes Mr. Arthur Vincent's "Lives of Twelve Bad Women" (Unwin). It is not very creditable to us, perhaps, that the title raises expectations of amusement. But we can plausibly account for our interest in scandalous persons by something other than mere morbid gloating over ugly deeds and characters. These bad ones defied society, we say to ourselves, and thus, very likely, they were spirited and audacious; their vices were of the dashing order. Unfortunately, one or two of the contributors to the book have a little spoilt what amusement their subjects provided by a kind of heavy facetiousness; and then some of the subjects could by no art be made very entertaining. The dullest and the commonest thing on earth is avarice, and this sordid trail is over nearly all of them. What Mr. Waters says of the Duchess of Kingston might be said of most of the rest. "No witty speech of hers has ever been chronicled. All her ideals were base and sordid . . . her taste and habits were gross, and even brutal." Now and again one comes across a woman with some humour of her own, and therefore some entertainment for us; but mostly in the lower ranks of life, Mary Frith, *alias* Moll Cutpurse, for instance. The earlier part of her career, at least, was comparatively respectable, sullied by nothing worse than pickpocketing and bold highway robbery, and as she swaggers along in manly apparel, gracelessly defiant of the constables, and counting half London as her friends, we are fain to salute her Honest Moll as she passes. However, a few of the other lives are not wanting in a kind of grim interest. The one thing they all fail in is romance. The book is a mine for the student of manners to dig in, and the historical-story writer will know how to strain off the grossest facts, put in a stronger dash of love than seems commonly to have possessed these notorious ladies, and serve them up as unfortunate victims of a cruel society, enchanting adventuresses whose minds were too high for common bonds. Of one woman, Teresia Constantia Phillips, picturesquely limned by Mr. Gilbert Burgess, I am tempted to complain that she was scarcely wicked enough for a place in the gallery.

"His Excellency" has been added to the English translations of Zola, for which we have to thank Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly (Chatto and Windus). Mr. Vizetelly has not actually translated this one, but he has revised the version thoroughly, and written a preface which is of first-rate importance and interest. The history of the Second Empire is as familiar to him as it is to M. Zola, and from his own knowledge and experience he claims for the book the merit of extraordinary accuracy. Thereupon follows a key to the personages and many of the incidents, by no means superfluous now when the Imperial Court and its hangers-on are but an evil—to some, perhaps, a sentimental—memory. He anticipates the criticism that he is doing M. Zola an injury in revealing how much he relied on facts and real persons for the matter of his novels. Most volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series, he says, he could dissect in the same way—

For these books are novels in their arrangement only. Even when they do not deal with historical personages and publicly recorded facts, they are based on incidents which really happened, and more frequently than otherwise portray people who really lived. The whole series constitutes a truthful, life-like synthesis of a period; and if certain readers recoil from some of the portraits contained in it, this is simply because they will not face the monstrosities of human life. And far from doing my good and dear friend . . . an unkindness, I conceive that I am rendering him a service, for how often has not his accuracy been impugned!

Anthology-mongering is the resource of the desperate book-maker and likewise of the leisured man of nice tastes. "In Praise of Music" (Stock) is a compilation made by a loving amateur; but I am not sure that it is very much the better for that. The one care of the anthologist seems to be to give us quantity, and his only justification is fine quality. Mr. Sayle is a very industrious compiler, who has grubbed diligently to find what writing-people have said about music, from Lucretius and St. John Chrysostom to Mr. William Watson. He has even unearthed much that is beautiful and valuable. But what does it avail us to find that Beethoven wrote in a letter, "I know no more charming enjoyment in the country than quartett music"? And we rush to the conclusion that Coventry Patmore must have been singularly insensible to harmonies, since all that can be produced from him on the subject is—

. . . someone in the study play'd  
The "Wedding-March" of Mendelssohn.

Berlioz, that delightful, sparkling chronicler of musical things, is represented by a long, dull extract. And what is the good of reading sententious nothings like Emanuel Bach's "One of the noblest aims of music consists in advancing religion and in edifying and elevating the human soul"? Yet there is every good in Schöber's simple outburst—"Du holle kunst, ich danke dir." The delightful things are obscured by the dull and useless ones, and the book, which should have been exquisite, is stodgy. The lengthy remarks of Miss Susan Wood on the teaching of the art would admirably become the pages of an educational review; but they are a trifle dowdy as the tail-piece of an anthology.

In their "Illustrated Standard Novels," Messrs. Macmillan have issued a pleasant edition of that old and most worthy favourite "The Parent's Assistant." Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie is always retained for Edgeworth prefaces in this series, and no one else could write with equal sympathy and knowledge. But though she speaks feelingly of the old stories, she has missed a chance—the chance of asserting, and proving by a wide comparison, the enormous superiority of the Edgeworth juvenile literature over the purposely juvenile literature of this generation and the last. Mrs. Ewing's work is the only thing that can be named beside it; and hers has not the Edgeworthian robustness, though it may have more grace and subtlety. o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Our dramatists lately have been mourning over the lack of appreciation for the English drama. "Shakspeare and the musical farces" usurp the stage, and the native drama appeals in vain to insensible and for the most part empty houses. It is not, as certain critical Pelagians "do vainly talk," that the public wants something higher and better than its purveyors will supply. If Pinero, Jones, and Grundy sometimes fail to command more than the three months' run that used to be a great success and is now reckoned a failure, yet for Ibsen a prosperous week is an encouraging response, and a month is a record run. It is not, either, that our playwrights are too literary or exquisite or refined for their audiences. Coarse and vulgar work (by vulgar I mean claptrap virtue, just as much as conventional vice) receives a very general rebuff, and wrecks its supporting syndicates as surely as the greatest success, and even more quickly. But if I may take a metaphor from the present war, the elevation of our dramatists is right, but their direction is wrong.

No drama can be an assured success unless it knocks the public hard between—or rather, *in* the eyes. There must be something to *see* as well as to *hear*. You can make a drama for the eye alone—within certain limits—as some of the French Pierrot plays have shown. But for the ear alone you can make nothing but a recitation, and I question whether the average man ever *really* enjoyed a recitation of any length. Situation is the key to success—strong situation, comic situation, but always situation. It is the dramatist's business to make his situations arise naturally and conceivably out of the characters of his personages, and the initial conditions of the story he tells; but if the situations be lacking, if they be too few or too quiet, anything more than a *succès d'estime* is forbidden him. And this is a commercial world, and fine words butter no parsnips.

When one remembers a play that has delighted one, what does one remember? After the general impression, the indefinable atmosphere, comes a series of pictures. Perhaps it is a villain clinging to the edge of a precipice that crumbles from his grip—perhaps the blaze from a Maxim gun that blasts a triumphant throng of savages—perhaps only a man and a woman standing up in a lighted room for some long-delayed fatal explanation. The picture is there; the words are sufficient if they do not spoil it. That was the secret of the late Henry Pettitt's success in Drury Lane melodrama. The scene was there, the situation was there; the words were few, and only not inadequate. No one ever wanted to quote a line of Pettitt's dialogue; no one ever referred to the characters of his plays—and yet they were successful by sheer novelty of scene and pungency of situation.

Why are our playwrights' pockets void?  
No need for subtle explanations;  
Our dramatists are unemployed  
Because they're out of "situations."

It may be that in modern France or in ancient Greece character and literary merit are, or were, sufficient to capture the attention of large audiences. I cannot pronounce on that, though the French would seem to carry the quest of comic situation to unseemly extremes. But, as English audiences are now constituted, any dramatist who does not hit them over the head with a concrete situation—the metaphor is somewhat mixed, but will be intelligible—may achieve columns of praise, but not such columns as he can add up and "reduce the result to shillings and pence," as the jurymen did in the High Court of Wonderland.

Either we must reorganise our theatre by cutting down rents and salaries and lavishness of mounting, until a ten-weeks' run may be profitable, or we must be content to see literary plays and poetical plays and comedies of manners and character excluded or ranked as failures. There is no chance of forcing the public into supporting what it does not enjoy, any more than you can force it away from what it does enjoy. "The Daughters of Babylon" was more kindly received by many critics, especially the "advanced" school, than "The Sign of the Cross." But the Early Christians in the amphitheatre caught the public fancy; the Jews of the Captivity did not, and the Babylonians still less. Nero they knew, and martyrs they knew; but who were these? The first play was stuffed with dramatic situations of an effective sort; the second had one that might have been good, only that its effect was quenched by the intolerable repetition of a tedious soliloquy.

I see with amusement that in a new magazine called the *Comet*—with not a very large solid nucleus, I fear—the decline and fall of "The Daughters of Babylon" is traced to a conspiracy of critics and managers against Mr. Wilson Barrett. Other writers in the same periodical attack the popularity of "Ouida's" latest novel, and refer the comparatively moderate vogue of Mr. Robert Hichens' "Flames" to a similar conspiracy. In fact, the meteors of journalism whose collective aggregation forms the *Comet* seem to see conspiracy everywhere.

I fear there is a widespread conspiracy against the *Comet*. The plotters, fearing to have their nefarious ways exposed by so fearless a journal, have, with truly Machiavellian ingenuity, abstained from direct opposition. They have subtly contrived to gain their wicked ends by making the contributors, as a whole, write about as badly as is possible to man.

MARMITON.

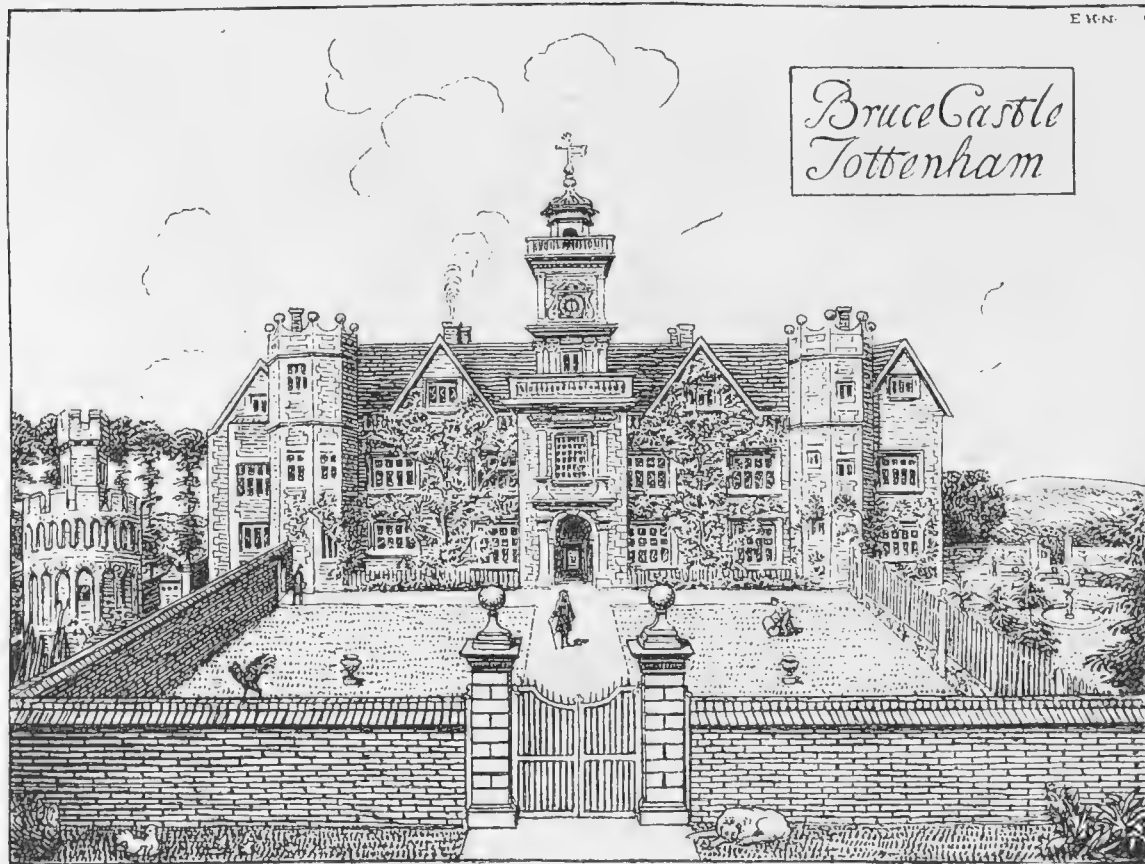


## WALTON—AND WALTONISING.

In Mr. Lane's edition, which is now before us, "The Compleat Angler" is arrayed more sumptuously than it ever was before. Type, paper, and the binding are all that could be wished, while, at length, both

"How much better," Mr. Le Gallienne writes, "to be this angler who only dreams, to have one's creel empty, indeed, but one's head sweetly giddy with the shining 'ghosts of fish'—the angler who fishes for the sake of doing something else, to 'some incognisable end,' which certainly is not trout." When Walton, in the Elysian Fields, reads this deliverance of his latest editor, the sportsman's language will be less

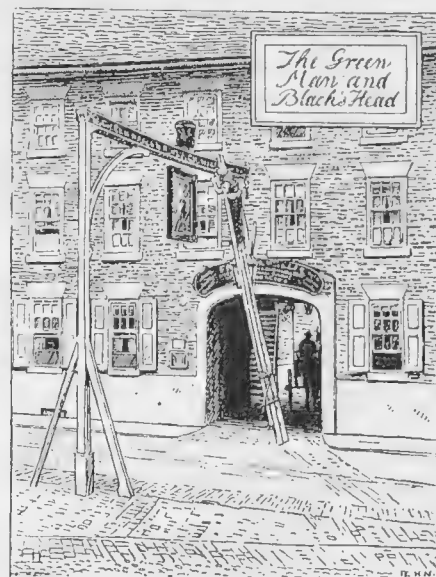
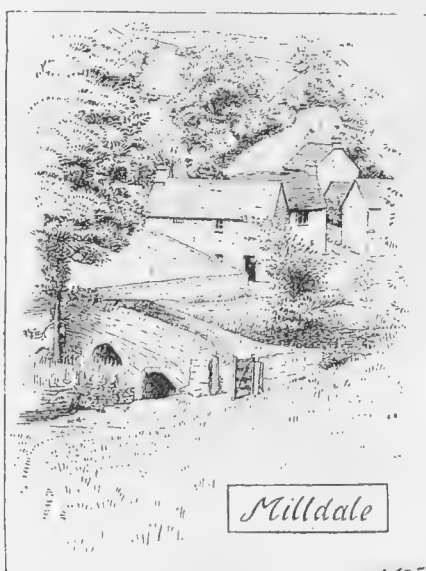
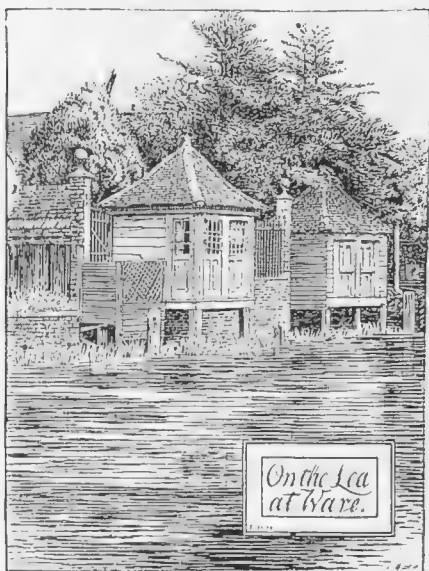
decorous than any that he ever allowed himself to use in writing. The giddy angler who only dreams, seeking no trout, having poetic airs, is not a young gentleman whom Walton could contemplate patiently. On the contrary, he is a very offensive nuisance. He is in the way of men who finish their dreaming decently in bed, and do want a trout when they fish for him. We know this dreaming angler by sad experience: he spoilt sport for us in the Easter holiday. He moons about the river bank, usually with long red hair glittering in the sunshine; wherever there is an eminence from which every fish in the reach can see him, there he stands, indolently sending his flies a-splash into the best water, like the unmanly fool that he is. A trout-stream, when a sportsman wishes to cast angle in it, is no place for a minion of the Muses. We are astonished that Mr. Le Gallienne, who, it is obvious, has studied the text of Walton carefully, does not realise this. If there is anything in Walton's nature which the text distinctly reveals, it is that, with all his dainty method of expression, he was, as a sportsman, intensely practical. Was not Venator's first instruction, when Master and Scholar reached the river, to hide himself behind a bush? It is to be feared that, had the Scholar conducted himself in the manner which Mr. Le Gallienne recommends, Walton would have considered him a graceless and hopeless



Reproduced from Mr. Lane's edition of "The Compleat Angler."

Walton and Cotton are amply illustrated. The illustrations do not include the scores of the music to which the ballads were sung by the milkmaid and others. These appear in some of the earlier editions, and we cannot imagine why they are omitted in Mr. Lane's handsome tome. Mr. New, however, has accomplished his task admirably. Every fish mentioned in Walton's discourse is drawn from nature with a fidelity that is never seriously lacking; old inns, churches, hills, and streams in the regions through which Walton and Cotton made their ways, are scattered throughout the work profusely. These quaint scenes seem to bring the centuries together, and give us the pleasant illusion that Walton is only just departed: indeed, we shall not be very much surprised if we meet

person. Mr. Le Gallienne thinks that "it is probably among those who never cast a line (like the present editor), or, like Washington Irving, have but fished 'to satisfy the sentiment,' that the majority of Waltonians are to be found." What does that matter? A plebiscite of the inexpert is a poor criterion for a book which is the exposition of a science as well as a work of literary art. Not perceiving this, Mr. Le Gallienne writes into sheer nonsense. "As a practical guide to angling, 'The Compleat Angler,'" he says, "was exploded even in its own day." It was not. One Robert Franck found certain errors in the book; but these were errors in natural history, such as Walton's belief that pike are spontaneously generated in the pickerel weed. As a guide in



Reproduced from Mr. Lane's edition of "The Compleat Angler."

the stately old gentleman next time we sally into Hampshire or into Dovedale. Mr. Le Gallienne, editor of the volume, has risen to the occasion willingly; but there are some signs that he soars on a broken pinion. Walton is an ironmonger in the Introduction and a mercer in the Appendix. Unfortunate as it is, that gives us a grievance which is trivial compared with our objection to the spirit of the Introduction.

practical angling, the work is not by any means exploded even now. Only a few living English essayists are so pleasant, in a catholic way, as Mr. Le Gallienne is; and it is with pain one finds oneself able to say little in praise of his latest essay. Waltonising, like Ruskinising, is dreary work at any time. By the riverside, or in an Introduction to "The Compleat Angler," it calls for a definitive protest.—W. EARL HODGSON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.







"I see as they've made Mr. Val Prinsep an R.A. What's that?"  
"Why, 'Real Artist,' of course."



FAIR LADY : Could you tell me how far it is to Mr. Smith's house ?

COUNTRYMAN : Just about a dog's trot, Miss.

FAIR LADY : And how far might that be ?

COUNTRYMAN : Just about as far as it 'ud take yer ter smoke an even pipe of terbacker, Miss.





"Now, you wouldn't believe, to look at him, that that man was a Judge, would you?"

"Well, I don't know; a glance at his face would convince me that he had something to do with the Bar."

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE TELEPHONE.

BY WALTER STEWART.

I don't profess to be able to see further into a brick wall than my neighbours, but it really required no extraordinary degree of intelligence to perceive that my nephew Gerald was very much in love with little Amy Creswell. When two young people of opposite sexes living in different parts of a town the size of London accept invitations to the same houses on six successive evenings, you won't persuade me in a hurry that the fact is due entirely to mere chance.

The Creswells were staying at the Hotel Albemarle for a few days, and it was a significant fact that Gerald was constantly sending the club commissionaire with little notes to that hotel.

I wasn't, therefore, in the least surprised the other evening, soon after we arrived at the Willards' to dinner, to hear the Creswells announced, and I laughed in my sleeve when I called to mind the sudden eagerness which my nephew had shown in calling on the Willards when he found out that they were friends of the Creswells.

I don't pretend to know how these things are managed, but, somehow or other, it happened that Miss Amy and my nephew sat next to one another at dinner that evening.

I was a discreet but interested observer of what took place.

Although I am myself a confirmed old bachelor, and consequently little versed in the art of detecting the symptoms which indicate the existence of the tender passion in others, yet on this occasion I saw quite enough to convince me as to how the land lay. When Gerald looked at his neighbour, her eyes were always demurely cast down; but when his gaze happened to be directed elsewhere she would steal a shy glance at him out of the corners of her eyes—and little Amy certainly has very nice eyes.

It has always appeared to me that the course of true love would run smoothly enough but for the wanton way in which lovers create obstacles to the fulfilment of their own desires.

That Gerald was no exception to the ordinary run of lovers in this respect I soon had cause to realise, for he and Amy Creswell had a tiff at dinner that very evening, which, but for a happy inspiration on the part of the writer of this simple tale, might have ended in their permanent estrangement. It was all on account of a certain Captain Lachmere, of whom Gerald didn't happen to approve, and who had been for some time paying marked attentions to Miss Amy Creswell.

That young lady didn't really care a button for the man in question, but she not unnaturally resented any attempt on Gerald's part to put a stop to her intimacy with him. Accept my word for it, if you want to throw a woman into another man's arms, just abuse that other man in her hearing.

If my nephew had been a man of the world, he would not have made such a blunder; but you cannot put old heads on to young shoulders, and when a youthful head is under the influence of a youthful heart, which, in its turn, is subject to the disturbing influence of the tender passion, there is really no telling what complications may arise. And so it came to pass that, before dinner was half over, these two young people were engaged in as pretty a little quarrel as you could well wish to see.

Of course, neither of them supposed for an instant that I or anybody else had heard a word of their dispute, for their conversation was carried on in low tones, and to all appearance I had been listening with deep attention to the voluble utterances of a formidable lady on my right hand, who was laying down the law on the subject of the extension of the franchise to women; but in the course of an acquaintance with what is so appropriately termed "Polite Society," one acquires the valuable knack of carrying on a conversation with one person while one's attention is really mainly occupied with something which is going on elsewhere.

"You are perfectly right, Miss Creswell," said Gerald stiffly. "I had no business to say what I did about a gentleman who appears to be such a particular friend of yours. Please consider my remarks as withdrawn." And with this he turned to his right-hand neighbour, May Walshe, and commenced to chatter with a really surprising degree of animation.

Poor little Miss Creswell was for the moment placed at a disadvantage, for, however much she may have desired to retaliate, it was rather a forlorn hope for her to attempt to make Gerald jealous by commencing a flirtation with me; but there happened to be nobody else available at the moment, and a woman is capable of any folly when she is angry with a man whom she really likes, and, to my intense amusement, little Amy actually began to make the experiment.

I laughed in my sleeve when this mere child, whom I remembered in short frocks, opened her feigned attack upon me; but I conscientiously did my best to help the situation along handsomely, and I really felt quite gratified when presently I observed that Gerald's animated conversation with Miss Walshe was beginning to flag, and that he was casting glances of unmistakable surprise and annoyance in my direction.

That sort of thing makes one feel quite young again, and I allowed my tone to become distinctly sentimental.

"Ah, my dear Miss Amy," I murmured, with a well-simulated sigh, "we old bachelors miss a great deal in life. What would I not give to be once again my nephew's age! I should know how to use my opportunities."

"But you aren't really a bit old, and, besides, men never understand us a bit until they have had twenty years' experience of the world."

Undoubtedly this remark was intended as a side-shot at my nephew, but that youth gave no sign of having heard the remark.

"I fear that we *never* really understand you thoroughly," said I; "the study of your charming sex is like the study of a book each page of which requires pages and pages of explanatory notes."

"Have you read much of the book?" asked Amy, with a little side-glance out of the corner of her grey eyes.

"I never got further than the first chapter," I replied, with a sigh.

"And what did you find to prevent you from getting further?"

"I found that twenty different women might possess twenty different sets of charming qualities, all so deliciously attractive and so eminently desirable that, for the life of me, I could not make up my mind to content myself with any one of the dear creatures to the exclusion of the rest; and as, unfortunately, the custom of the country in which we live does not permit a man to be married to more than one woman at a time, I am obliged to remain a forlorn old bachelor—I love too much to love exclusively."

"I think you put that rather nicely," said Amy reflectively; "but isn't it only a pretty excuse for a man's inconstancy?"

"My dear young lady," said I, laughing, "constancy is only another name for narrow-mindedness. Suppose, for instance, that I had been married ten years ago, what would have been my position at the present moment?"

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Steevens."

"Miss Creswell is evidently unaware of her own attractions," said I; "there is a marginal note, *Destructive to previous attachments*, against your name in the book of which I was speaking."

"You mustn't talk nonsense," said my little neighbour demurely; but, between ourselves, I fancy that she was not particularly vexed at the innuendo.

"What about men from a woman's point of view?" she continued presently. "Are you men such paragons that we poor women must be satisfied with a share of one of you?"

"There are not enough to go round," I murmured.

"Suppose, now, that we started the theory that no man possessed more than one or two of the many virtues which a perfect man should possess?" continued Amy, ignoring my interruption.

"That's just the difficulty," said I. "We are all so sadly unequal to the requirements of the case. Either we are too young or too old, too tall or too short, too amiable or too exacting, too ardent or too cold, too ugly or not handsome enough."

"That's the same thing," interrupted Amy.

"Pardon me; there is a subtle difference."

"And you yourself, Mr. Steevens?"

"I fear," said I, with a regretful glance at my pretty companion, "that in these days most ladies consider *me* too old for anything but a stop-gap."

"And how do you yourself feel on that point?"

"Upon my word, when I talk to you I almost begin to feel that you are right and that I am not so very old, after all."

"Is it a pleasant illusion, Mr. Steevens?"

"It has its drawbacks."

"Which are——?" said Amy, raising her prettily arched eyebrows.

"My nephew is one of them just now," said I, glancing at Gerald, and in truth the boy's rueful countenance did rather take the edge off my appreciation of the situation.

"He's horribly cross to-night," said Amy, "and it serves him right!"

"Tell me," said I suddenly, looking full at my little neighbour, "does it give you pleasure to make him unhappy?"

Poor little Amy's lip quivered, but she replied, "He shouldn't have been so horrid about Captain Lachmere."

"I have no doubt Captain Lachmere is a very charming man," said I; "but——"

"I hate him!" said Amy, pouting; "and if your nephew had any sense, he would know that."

"Of course, he ought to, especially as you said that the gentleman was one of your particular friends and that you liked him so much?"

"You mustn't take everything which a woman says about one man to another too literally."

"It is perhaps wise to allow a liberal discount," I agreed.

At this moment Mrs. Willard gave the signal for the ladies to retire, and our conversation was brought to an untimely end.

We men were left to enjoy our wine and cigars, and, as I puffed meditatively at an excellent Havannah, and sipped Willard's unexceptionable port, I really felt at peace with all the world.

Poor Gerald drank his wine in moody silence, and when we joined the ladies he declined to notice the vacant seat next to Amy, and went over to where that wicked little flirt May Walshe was sitting, and commenced quite a voluble conversation.

I fancy that the young lady in question rather enjoyed her triumph over Amy, for Gerald was an eminently presentable youth, and before Miss Creswell had appeared upon the scene he had flirted a good deal with this Miss Walshe. And we all know that, however amiable a girl may be, she does not, as a rule, regard with sincere cordiality the rival who has supplanted her in the heart of a man. And so the situation stood when it was time for us to depart.

"What a delightful girl that little Miss Creswell is!" said I to my nephew as we were driving home.

"So you appeared to think," said Gerald drily. "For my part, I hate all women."

"At your age, my dear boy, such sentiments are really incomprehensible."

"Wait until you've been treated by a woman as I have," said Gerald gloomily.

I maintained what I still contend was a most exemplary expression of gravity, and asked my nephew what had occurred to cause him to take such an unfavourable view of the sex.

"She's a heartless little flirt," replied Gerald fiercely, "and I've done with her."

"It struck me that *you* were making the running fairly freely with Miss Walshe," I observed casually.

"Oh, that's quite a different thing," replied my nephew, quite unabashed. "May Walshe knows that I am not in earnest, but Amy must know that I love her."

"You have told her so, I suppose?"

"Well, not *exactly*; but she knows it as well as though I had done so."

"Oh, just so," said I; "still, perhaps, if you were a little more explicit—"

"I've finished with the girl," said Gerald gloomily, "and I'm not going to see her again if I can help it."

For the next few days Gerald acted upon this resolve, and certainly during that time he was not altogether a desirable companion.

It really was too absurd.

Here were two foolish young people, genuinely fond of one another, and yet determined to quarrel about a perfectly trivial matter, simply because both were too proud to make the first overtures to bring about a reconciliation.

Amy was moping because Gerald made no attempt to see her, and my nephew's manner was daily becoming more and more morose. If Gerald's mamma had been in town, or if the girl had had a mother to whom she could have confided her trouble, the whole thing might have been put right in five minutes; but, as things stood, there was every chance of these two misguided young people ending their days in single-blessedness.

After four or five days of this kind of thing, I came to the conclusion that it was desirable for me to do something to help matters along a little, as anything would be better than the continuation of the existing state of affairs.

I thought the matter over carefully one night, as I smoked my usual after-dinner cigar, and by the time I had finished my weed I had decided upon my plan of campaign.

"What are your plans for to-morrow, Gerald?" said I.

"I haven't any," replied my nephew moodily.

"Well, then, you might come with me and leave a card at the Willards'; we haven't been near the house since we dined there last Wednesday."

"I'm sick of the whole farce of social intercourse; but I'm ready to do anything you like, Uncle Jack," said Gerald indifferently.

Gerald's was clearly a bad case.

I rose from my comfortable chair, put on my hat and overcoat, and strolled down to the club.

It really was a striking instance of self-sacrifice on the part of an old fogey; for I hadn't the slightest personal desire to go out that night.

When I arrived at the club I went straight to the telephone-cupboard and rang up the Hotel Albemarle. Miss Creswell was "at home."

"Could she speak to Mr. Steevens?"

I awaited the reply to this question with considerable anxiety. Presently the little bell rang.

"Miss Creswell will be at the telephone in a minute."

I had made up my mind to attempt a manoeuvre which required some little finesse for the securing of its success.

Presently Miss Amy's voice came faintly along the wire—"Yes; who is it?"

"Is that you, Amy?" I replied boldly.

"Yes; who are you?"

"Gerald Steevens," said I, with mental reservations.

I fancied that I heard a little exclamation of pleased surprise, but whether this was so or not I could not be positively certain; however, the next sentence which reached my ear through the instrument was spoken in tones of perfect unconcern.

"What is it that you have to say to me, Mr. Steevens?"

"Oh, Amy," I replied, in the most beseeching tones I could muster, "don't speak to me like that; I've been so miserable ever since we quarrelled the other night!"

"That only serves you right," came clearly through the ear-trumpet; but I fancied that I caught two little words in a much lower tone, that sounded like "Poor boy!"

"But, Amy," I continued, "don't be so cruel as to say that you won't forgive me, for it was only because I am so fond of you that I was so rude the other evening."

"Well, Gerald, you *were* rather horrid, I think; but, if you will promise never to be unkind to me again, I will forgive you for this once."

"I promise," said I; "but I wish we could kiss and make friends."

"That would hardly be proper, I'm afraid; besides, you see, you could only kiss my ear, which would not be very satisfactory, would it? And how do I know that you are the only person at your end of the wire?"

"I swear there's nobody except myself," said I equivocally; "besides, you might put the trumpet to your lips."

"I shall ring off if you say another word."

"Don't do that," I entreated; "the operator might intercept my message."

"Well, then, you must not talk nonsense."

"I was never more serious in my life," I replied; and really it *was* rather a serious situation for an old bachelor getting on for fifty to be talking nonsense at one end of a wire with a charming girl of eighteen at the other.

"I shall be calling on the Willards to-morrow afternoon," said I.

"I hope you will find your visit amusing."

"I shall if somebody else happens to be there."

"Somebody else will think it over, perhaps, though it would serve another somebody else right if she didn't."

"But we are friends again now, Amy," said I tenderly.

"It would serve you right if I said 'no,' Gerald, after the way you flirted with May Walshe the other night."

"But you were just as bad with my Uncle Jack," said I.

"I'm afraid that he is a dreadful old flirt, but he really is rather nice. Do you think that I could make him really like me?" said Amy, laughing softly.

"This is getting rather interesting," thought I; but I only replied, "For shame! I won't have Uncle Jack's affections tampered with."

"Perhaps he likes it," suggested Amy.

"It's not good for him," said I.

"Very few nice things are good for one."

"But people ought not to be tempted to do things which are not good for them."

"Possibly he would not take quite that view of the situation," said Miss Amy demurely.

"Now I come to think of it," said I reflectively, "perhaps he does not; but it is rather cruel of you to experiment with an old gentleman's susceptibilities."

"I will never do it again, Gerald; but he's an old dear, and I think he will forgive me. Don't you?"

"Possibly," said I, laughing.

"Tell me, Gerald, have you really been unhappy because of our little tiff?"

"Miserable! And you?"

"It's very vain of you to ask that question, Gerald; but perhaps I have been a *little bit* sorry."

"Then, Amy, do you love me just a wee scrap?"

"That's a very improper question to ask a girl through the telephone; in fact, I think the whole of this conversation is very incorrect, and if you ever breathe a syllable about it to anybody, I'll never speak to you again."

"The severity of the punishment would be proportioned to the heinousness of the crime," I replied. "I will never allude to this incident again as long as I live—even to you."

"If you will promise that faithfully, I'll forgive you for this once. Do you promise?"

"With all my heart," said I.

"Good-night, Gerald."

"Good-night, dearest," I replied.

I could have sworn that the soft little sound which followed Miss Amy's good-night was not caused by the hanging-up of the ear-trumpet; but before I had time to try a little experiment on my own account I was disgusted to hear the voice of the operator at the exchange asking whether I had done with Number —.

"Number — has done with me, I'm afraid," said I; and before the puzzled operator had time to ask what I meant, I "rang off." There are some things which one cannot explain even to a telephone operator.

I walked slowly home.

"There's no fool like an old fool," I thought, as I felt about with my latchkey for the keyhole; "unless it's a young fool," I mentally added a moment later, as I observed poor Gerald gazing disconsolately into the dying embers of the fire.

"Where have you been during the last hour?" said Gerald presently.

"I have been making love to a charming girl," said I cheerfully.

Gerald was rude enough to laugh.

"And I flatter myself that she wasn't altogether displeased with the performance," I added, with a self-satisfied air. "As for you, you young dog!" I proceeded severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What business have you to be sulking here at home while a pretty girl has been wearing the willow for the last week on your account?"

"How do you know that?" said Gerald, with the nearest approach to cheerfulness which I had observed in him for some days.

"A particular friend of hers told me that it was so," said I; "but if you ever dare to let her know that I told you, I'll disinherit you, as sure as my name is Jack Steevens!"

"I should deserve it," said my nephew.

Of course, Gerald and Amy Creswell met at the Willards' the following afternoon, and Amy's manner was so cordial to my nephew that the dear boy was firmly convinced that she was trying to show him how anxious she was to make up their little quarrel.

A week later their engagement was publicly announced.

The best of it is that, to this very day, each believes that the other took the first step towards a reconciliation.

Really, the possibilities of Mr. Edison's ingenious machine are but dimly realised in this conservative old country of ours.



## THE KAISER'S TENNIS-COURT.

For many years Kaiser Wilhelm has been a devoted tennis-player, and for the proper pursuit of his favourite pastime he has lately built a superb tennis-court at Montbijou, where he gets his recreation after his numerous



THE EXTERIOR OF THE KAISER'S TENNIS-COURT IN THE ROYAL PARK, MONTBIJOU.

duties are finished. The Empress is also an excellent player, and among the select combatants may be found Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Count Moltke, and the Baron and Baroness von Reischach. Many hotly contested games are played, and it is said that the Emperor is the best player of all. The new tennis-court is of cement with marble lines, and, as it is covered in, it has been lighted by electricity. In the corners are luxurious lounges for the guests, and afternoon-tea is served. Round the sides of the hall are the dressing-rooms, which are simply but comfortably furnished. The scores are marked up by a special device. The Kaiser wields by preference a Slazenger racket. Hitherto Germany has been quite behind in the matter of sport, and the royal tennis-matches are quite an innovation in the country.

## THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION OF THE DRAMA.

The patrons of the drama—who, to judge from the ever-increasing number of our theatres, are themselves a constantly increasing body—should find themselves extraordinarily interested in the Exhibition of Dramatic and Musical Art now to be seen at the Grafton Galleries. The energetic and discriminating director, Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley, has been fortunate in securing a collection of pictures, drawings, prints, miniatures, autographs, and play-bills that will appeal strongly not only to the playgoer, but to the lover of the painter's art; not to the actor only, but to the laborious compiler of the annals of the English stage. Mr. Stuart-Wortley may be sincerely congratulated on the result of his labours, more particularly when one remembers that London will see other exhibitions this season of a similar character, and also that some of the owners of the finest presentments of our historic actors and actresses have been unwilling to denude their walls during a record London Season, in which they will be entertaining the "salt of the earth" from other countries than our own. For those who can see no merit in the actors of the day, there is a rich enjoyment to be obtained from the works of the great masters who lived at a time when they were so fortunate as to have Garrick, Mrs. Jordan, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Cibber, the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, or Mrs. Abington to portray. A later period of histrionic art—that of Macready, Helen Faucit, and other actors and actresses remembered by the older stagers among us—is also admirably illustrated. In this connection I would call the attention of my readers to the beautiful bust of Helen Faucit by Foley, which, I am told by Sir Theodore Martin, who lends it, was looked upon by the sculptor as one of his most successful efforts. For those whose interest centres in the players who tread the boards to-day, there are interesting and admirable portraits

of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry (of the latter, Sargent's striking, if not quite pleasing, "Lady Macbeth"), of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Miss Julia Neilson (the Rosalind of a few weeks ago), and Miss Alma Murray (who has just made such a success in that poetic character), Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Beerbohm-Tree as Gringoire (a striking portrait by Herkomer), and a host of other "stars." The exhibition should, I think, prove as great a success as any of its predecessors at these popular galleries, where the past is now pictured so vividly.

## "CHRISTINE OF THE HILLS."

It is quite true, as Mr. Max Pemberton says in the foreword to his latest novel, "Christine of the Hills" (A. D. Innes and Co.), that while the isles of Greece and Italy have ever been a storehouse of material for romanticists, the Dalmatian coast, despite its possibilities of the picturesque, has been curiously neglected. Wherefore we may be thankful that he has now set down for us a vivid story of semi-Oriental happenings—a story which moves from island-seas to mountain passes, and from unknown villages to the great Austrian capital. And if "Christine of the Hills" be not Mr. Pemberton's very best novel, let it be accounted his second-best—which is saying a great deal. In the characterisation there would seem to be a newborn reticence of touch; the whole gamut of colours are on his palette, but he uses them charily and warily. Softer tones—the gentle, neutral tints that are made so effective by an artist's imagining—pervade this enthralling story. Christine herself—an innocent little witch who is irresistibly fascinating—moves through the pages with a charm that many a delicate touch makes evident. As a type of wilful, albeit pure, femininity, she easily takes first place in the gallery of Mr. Pemberton's heroines. In the prologue a chance traveller, who has hired the felucca of one Andrea, happens to see the girl, and here is the way in which the meeting is described—

She was standing, as then I saw her, in a gap of the bank, in a tiny creek where the sea lapped gently and the bushes bent down their heads to the cool of the water. . . . She might have been a little vagrant of the hills, run out of school to let the waves lap about her feet, to gather roses from the banks above the sea. . . . She was of an age when a face loses nothing by repose. Her youth dominated all. She could yet reap of the years, and glean beauty from their harvest.

Surely a pretty portrait, but for the history of the emerging of the child from the chrysalis stage of her existence under the auspices of her adopted father we must refer to Mr. Pemberton's narrative. How Christine was led into a marriage that was yet no marriage; how she came under the philanthropic protection of the cynical Prince Paul; how her marvellous gift of music made her the idol of exacting Vienna; how the tragedy of her life outweighed the comedy—these and more you shall find out to your satisfaction by the perusal of this charming and absorbing story.



THE INTERIOR OF THE COURT.

## ABOUT "ZOO'S."

The Zoological Society of London is an eminently respectable company that keeps a unique wild-beast show in Regent's Park and a very fine suite of rooms in Hanover-Square, where, once a fortnight in the winter season, it meets for coffee and scientific discussion. It does not pay a dividend, but that is not because it does not pay. Last year it put another £1000 to its credit account, and spent over £2500 in what may be called a scientific charity—namely, publishing and making known to the world all the new things it had discovered about animals during the year. There is not much sign in that of the alleged boom and increased public interest in Natural History subjects. Although the Society wears its shirt starched from collar-stud to tail, is unbending and aristocratic in its habits, and eschews all pushing, popular methods of advertising and drawing, it nevertheless unbends itself far enough to issue an annual report, drawn out in very finely set, rounded periods. In it also there is no indication of an increased interest on the part of the public in what represents our national collection of wild beasts. Over 665,000 people went to have a look round the "Zoo" last year, and paid £27,000 for the privilege, but that shows no increase on last year, and a distinct decrease on fifteen or twenty years ago. The Society gave its collection—which it values at £21,000—provisions amounting to £3600, and paid an army of 100 servants £5500 for looking after its animals. Children paid during the year no less than £600 for the momentary pleasure of a ride on the backs of elephants and camels, and the Society calculates that if their elephant "Jung Pasha" had chosen to die in November instead of March, this sum would have amounted to at least £150 more.

It is quite evident, when a quiet, placidly going concern like the "Zoo" pays well, that any menagerie of respectable proportions, and run upon the most up-to-date lines, must pay very handsomely. The greatest hindrance to floating a show of this kind is not so much the high prices that have to be paid for the rarer animals, but the difficulty of acquiring such animals at any cost. Expensive and tedious expeditions have to be undertaken to the ends of the earth before a representative collection of the world's animals can be brought together. The Ringling Brothers, of Chicago, have felt this difficulty, and expended fifty thousand pounds in the construction of a wild-beast farm. They have acquired a large tract of jungle-swamp in Florida, erected barns and paddocks, and started to turn out the wild beasts of Asia and Africa into them. They only wish there was some chance of another Flood and a westerly breeze to bring Noah's Ark a shipwreck on the shores of Florida. But, as they informed their interviewer, "they come from out West, are keen upon the dollar, and mean to make the thing pay"; they do not reckon on such an event, but have started to turn out the tiger, the lion, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the giraffe, and even "Fatima the Hippopotamus," with a husband with which they have dowered her. It is to be hoped the animals will lie down in peace together, and do just as the Ringling Brothers expect them to, and that the neighbours won't object. And if these things happen, surely the Government will help home industries with a heavy Tariff Bill.

If the Ringling Brothers are successful in their endeavour to run a wild-beast farm, they will be more fortunate than the American Government in its attempt to introduce exotic animals into the States. Fifty years ago some Army officers stationed in the desert tracts of Arizona and New Mexico proposed to Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to introduce the "ship of the desert" from Egypt and Arabia, to facilitate their military expeditions against the Indians, and to replace the horse and mule as beasts of burden in those parts. A ship was fitted out and officers sent over to purchase a herd of camels. They had a good time with the Bey of Tunis and with the Khedive, and, after having a few animals, "old as Methuselah," foisted upon them, managed to learn the "tricks of the trade" and bring back a herd of forty, varying in price from £5 to £100 per head. They were duly landed in the Southern States, but then the difficulties began. "The troopers took a dislike to the brutes, objected to their complicated harness and to the intricate business of loading them, and neglected to feed them, so that, after spending many thousand pounds on the experiment, the Government turned what camels remained in its possession loose upon the deserts of Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico. There some of their descendants are still found wild, and the Indians rather like them as a change of diet, especially as it has been provided for them at Government expense.

Much has been written of late of the lamented and rapid extirpation of that most imposing of all forms of ox-flesh—the American bison. It is interesting to come across a man who can help you to understand their rapid disappearance. Such a man is "Buffalo Jones," who has now retired from buffalo-slaying, as there are no more to slay, and sought sanctuary in the Legislative Chamber of Oklahoma as Sergeant-at-Arms. "Farmer members," writes a friendly reporter, "bring in their friends and introduce them to him in the following terms: 'Here, Bill, let me introduce you to Buffalo Jones, our Sergeant-at-Arms! You've heard of him before you came down to this country. He killed more buffalo than you could stack up on a 160-acre farm.'" When Buffalo Jones went into the Arizona country some thirty years ago, the prairie in the grazing season was black with thousands of buffalo, and in 1869, in one of those curious, mad, rushing migrations which those beasts are known to make, millions, says Jones, passed from north to south in an endless herd across his farm. He was an expert shot, and was followed by an army of flayers, who gave him so much a head for every animal he shot. In a

few years, when it was quite apparent that his trade was gone, Mr. Jones suffered the pangs of Judas, and started to repair his past misdeeds by capturing calves and building up a herd of buffalo upon his farm. It was consoling both to his conscience and to his pocket, for the Crowned Heads of Europe and the wealthy societies of the world became his clients, and the conscience-soothing venture brought him a fortune. But, alas! he put it into land, and, as already said, has had to seek sanctuary as a Sergeant-at-Arms.

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## LXVIII.—THE MELBOURNE "AGE," AND MR. SYME.

For its representation at the Bisley rifle-matches in connection with the Diamond Jubilee Celebration, the colony of Victoria is indebted to the generosity of a private citizen, Mr. David Syme, who, when the Government of the day declined to pay the expenses of a team of Victorian riflemen, came forward patriotically and offered to defray the cost of the tour, which will amount to over two thousand pounds. Mr. Syme, though technically a private citizen, has, without doubt, been the most potent factor in Australian politics of the past quarter of a century, the *Age* newspaper, of which he is the proprietor, wielding such power as to call forth from his enemies the sobriquet of "King David."

Mr. Syme is a Scotsman, the youngest son of a Berwick schoolmaster, and was born in 1827. Originally intending to adopt the Church as a profession, his studies at a German University had the effect of causing him to abandon a clerical career and embark in journalism. After serving a couple of years on the reporting staff of a Scottish paper, Mr. Syme was tempted to seek fortune in California, and for eighteen months he pursued the exciting calling of a gold-digger in that land. At the end of that period he left for Melbourne, and, with his elder brother, Ebenezer Syme, he purchased the *Age*, which was then in a moribund condition, and with a circulation of less than two thousand. Under the Syme *agis*, the journal became the organ of Liberalism, and, advocating the financial supremacy of the Lower House, the opening of the public lands, free secular and compulsory education, and protection to native industries, it transformed the Liberal Party from a nebulous, straggling mass into a compact phalanx, which no longer craved as a concession, but demanded as a right. In a very few months the circulation of the *Age* had materially increased, and when, on the death of Ebenezer Syme, his brother reduced the price from threepence to a penny, it jumped almost instantly to thirteen thousand. To-day the *Age* daily distributes from eighty thousand to one hundred thousand copies, and its political power may be well gauged by the fact that, at the elections to the Federal Convention held on March 4 last, every one of the ten candidates it chose were elected, while its rival, the *Argus*, was unable to secure the return of more than three on its list.

The *Age* has been more the organiser than the organ of the Victorian Liberals, and to this fact Mr. Syme ascribes the success of his journal. On one occasion, in receiving seven hundred and fifty pounds, raised by public subscription to reimburse him for an adverse verdict in a libel action, he said: "A journal that waits for public opinion to be formed before it expresses its own will infallibly earn, not the support, but the contempt of the public. A newspaper, to be read, must have opinions of its own." From time to time the *Age* has expressed its own opinions, and frequently in a way which has not always been received in a meek spirit, the most notable example being in 1892, when Mr. Richard Speight, the ex-Manager-in-Chief of the Victorian Railways, sued Mr. Syme for twenty-five thousand pounds, for libels alleged to have been contained in a series of articles on the management of the Railway Department. The litigation extended over a period of five months, and ended in the jury finding a verdict for one hundred pounds, on one count. Mr. Speight applied for a new trial on the remaining counts, and, after another half-year had been spent, was successful in obtaining a farthing damages. The costs of these actions, which fell wholly on the defendant, amounted to over thirty thousand pounds, while a further action by Mr. Alison Smith, Locomotive Superintendent, who gained a farthing on each of four counts, added to this sum several more thousands of pounds. But, despite the expenditure of such enormous sums, the *Age* rose unscathed from its troubles, and, by way of proving to its opponents that its life and strength were still the same, it fought most vigorously through the election campaign of 1893, and completely swept the country with Liberal members.



MR. DAVID SYME.

Photo by O'Shannessy, Melbourne.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES BY  
CAPTAIN COE.

I believe the Prince of Wales will attend the Gatwick Meeting if his numerous engagements will permit of his doing so. Green Lawn has a capital chance for the Prince's Handicap, and Cyllene looks good for the Worth Stakes. I am afraid the meeting will never be quite so popular as Old Croydon was with the crowd, but I do think more people would go to Gatwick if they were allowed to roam all over the course, instead of being penned up in a corner right away from the winning-post. It is the gallery that pays at racing.

Chelandry, the winner of the One Thousand, was bred by the Earl of Rosebery at the Craffton stud. She is a bay filly by Goldfinch—Illuminata, and is a half-sister to Ladas. Her son Goldfinch was a son of Ormonde, and was sold by Lord Alington for two thousand pounds to go to America. It is almost needless to add that Chelandry shows no sign of roaring. She has not improved in appearance since last year, but she must be a hardy filly and a good stayer. She is engaged in the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger; Coronation Stakes at Ascot; Princess of Wales's Stakes, Newmarket, 1897; Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park; Jockey Club Stakes, 1897; Princess of Wales's Stakes, 1898; and Jockey Club Stakes in 1898; so that, if Chelandry were successful in all these, she could win nearly one hundred thousand pounds in stakes alone.

Perthshire, who is reckoned by many good judges to be the best two-year-old yet seen out this year, was bred by Mr. Brice; he is a bay or brown colt by Royal Hampton—Mentone, and has been leased by Mr. P. Dewar, who was the unsuccessful candidate for the Election at Walthamstow. The colt won the Park Plate at Epsom like a real racehorse, and he will be seen to advantage as a three-year-old.



CHELANDRY.

Several engagements have been made for him, but he will not be able to meet the Jenny Howlett colt until the Derby of 1898. Mr. Dewar has purchased the colt's dam, Mentone, from Mr. Brice, but Mr. A. Steddal, who once had the chance of buying Perthshire, chose an inferior yearling out of the same stable.

Now that forfeit has been declared, there remain forty-one horses in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, and thirty-seven in the Auteuil Grand Hurdle—sufficient numbers to produce good races, even though in several instances owners are doubly and trebly represented. Of course, some of the English animals are left in, notably, Gentle Ida in the cross-country race. The course pursued with this mare by Mr. Dyas has been anything but a clear one. She was reported a runner for the big Manchester Steeplechase, but Manifesto went to the post; and she was sent to Sandown for the Grand Hurdle, but was kept in her stall. Now she can either be sent to the post for the Steeplechase or the Hurdle Race. Judging by hearsay, she is more likely to go for the former, it being one of Mr. Dyas's pet races. Whichever race she runs in, she will have all her work cut out to beat the French crack Witness, who is reckoned over the water to be something quite out of the common. It is in the mare's favour, however, that Witness is only a four-year-old.

I think the time has arrived when the Jockey Club should adopt a hard-and-fast rule to prevent bookmakers from owning any interest in racehorses. The layers do very well out of their legitimate business, and I do not see why they should be allowed to play the game both ways. True, many of the professionals are men of the highest honour, and their horses are run to win, but others are not to be trusted. Anyway, I think no bookmaker should be allowed to run horses without a licence from the Jockey Club, putting them on the same footing as the jockeys.



PERTSHIRE.

Photographs by Clarence Hatley, Newmarket.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Readers of this page will be interested to hear of two extraordinary derivations of the word "cycle." According to one sapient authority, it comes from "cyclone," which means "fast," and hence, I presume, a "scorcher" might appropriately be termed a "cyclone." Less convincing is the other explanation, which derives "cycle" from an unknown "cycling," so called because the instrument "went along as graceful as a king."

At Romford, among the townspeople, there are a number of particularly heavy men who have lately formed a cycling club, the qualification for membership being a riding-weight of at least sixteen stone. The captain, who turns the scale at over twenty stone, has just ordered a new light roadster from the Ormonde Company, whose factory is in the town.

I am told that the justices in several police courts have decided in future to send convicted "scorchers" to prison instead of merely fining them. I am told that this is owing mainly to the fact that so many cyclists are repeatedly fined to no purpose for furious riding. I am told that an odious punster has nicknamed Lady Godiva of unhappy memory "the eccentric cyclist." I am told that he thinks her eccentric because she rode without attire. I am told that the popularity of the Wheel Club at Hereford House in South Kensington is steadily increasing. I

pedals of the machine to revolve, the sprocket-chain communicates motion to the main cog-wheel. This causes the smaller wheel to revolve, and this in turn, by meeting the cogs of the dynamo, puts the delicate machinery within into operation, and thus generates the electricity. Consequently, the faster the sprocket-wheel revolves, the greater the amount of electricity generated. This electricity, passing from the dynamo through the two feed-wires, is carried to the wires which are wound around the soft-iron framework of the machine. This connects the frame and the bicycle with the powerful electro-magnet, and its drawing power of attractiveness will be felt by any piece of steel within a radius of fifteen feet.

Many a novice, however, firmly believes that stone walls, omnibuses, and drays are imbued with a natural magnetic power, so attracted by these objects does his bicycle seem to him to be.

A new danger menaces the cyclist touring on country roads. A correspondent of a cycling paper relates an astounding incident which happened to him the other day. He tells us that he was spinning along at a good rate, when his machine suddenly stopped dead. The rider, after coming into violent contact with the road some yards ahead, picked himself up, and, returning to his recalcitrant machine, investigated the cause of the disaster. He found a fine young rabbit, with its head jammed between the wheel and the mud-guard! Having orthodox ideas on the subject of poaching, and being, moreover, a man of humane feelings, he proceeded very tenderly to extricate the misguided bunny from its embarrassing position, whereupon Brer Rabbit cheerfully scampered away, leaving the astonished cyclist ruefully regarding his damaged



THE FITZWILLIAM CYCLE CLUB AT HOME.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

am told that the following are a few of the ailments that have at one time or another been traced to an over-use of the wheel: cyclist wrist, cyclist elbow, cyclist ankle, cyclist back tendon, cyclist spavin, ringbone, navicular and capped knee, cyclist spine, cyclist sunstroke, ophthalmia, and countryroaditis. Yet we cyclists still live.

It is satisfactory to read that at length one of the many idiots who fling about orange-peel at random has really been imprisoned. The culprit in this case was only a small boy; but a small boy may be a small idiot, and a small idiot will develop into a very large idiot if its idiotic ways are not checked. Now that bicycling has become so popular, the danger created by people who drop orange-peel here, there, and everywhere is enormously increased. Accidents have lately befallen several cyclists whose machines "skidded" upon peel, and, of course, the usual number of broken legs and arms may be laid at the door of the orange, if the somewhat ponderous metaphor may pass.

Herr Franz Steuben, of Stuttgart, is said to have invented a magnetic bicycle, which will attract unto itself all other cycles that may happen to approach within a radius of fifteen feet of it. This remarkable machine is thus briefly described—

Instead of the usual hollow steel tubing of which the ordinary bicycle is constituted, the frame is an electrical one, made of soft iron, closely wound with fine copper wire. Attached to the back of the frame, a short distance from the bottom, is a small, very powerful dynamo. Two wires, electric feeders, connect the dynamo with the copper-wound frame. The dynamo is located over what, in the ordinary machine, is the small sprocket-wheel, attached to the rear axle. Instead of this sprocket-wheel, however, there is a large cog-wheel firmly attached to the axle. Just at the left of the big cog-wheel comes a smaller wheel, which acts as a medium for the sprocket-chain to pass over. As the rider causes the

mud-guard. The locality of the disaster is not stated, but surely it must have been a Yorkshire rabbit, judging by the hardness of its head.

The "Wheelist Annual" for 1897 contains some very useful information under the heading "Half-Holiday Wheelings." "The A.B.C. of an Expert Rider," by F. T. Bidlake, and "Cycling for Health," by C. B. Turner, F.R.C.S., Vice-President N.C.U., are also worth reading, whilst the cyclist fond of research will be interested in George Knight's "Evolution of the Cycle." The stories are amateurish, with the exception of Robert Barr's "Bicycle Ride at Perilous Gulch," which would be a capital tale were the hero's feat not an impossible one to perform under the circumstances. The writer of the article "Cycling to Hounds" is amusing. Whoever heard of a Master of Hounds "placing the field," or of "a hound raising his voice and the whole pack suddenly breaking into a loud chorus"; and what hunting-man ever speaks of *red-coated* figures in the hunting-field?

A justly indignant correspondent writes from Buenos Ayres—

In your paper of March 10 I note in your article on cycling that "The Argentine Republic has issued an edict forbidding women to cycle in public." As a twenty years' resident in this city, I wish to inform you that this is quite wrong, no such decree having ever been issued, nor would the Government ever dream of such a thing.

On March 10 last I was myself in America, and am therefore unable to say what gave rise to the misstatement. No doubt, however, the assertion was originally made by some such person as the individual who once upon a time told me that ladies in Chicago were not allowed to wear bloomers. Fortunately I had just been in Chicago and was able to correct him.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

In freezing weather, with an altogether impossibly disagreeable allowance of east wind, Tuesday's Drawing-Room may be said to have been rather suffered than enjoyed by many taking part therein. Furred wraps were, indeed, as much in requisition as white tulle and feathers, while the fireless, flower-bedecked grates which prevailed at most of the train tea-parties seemed an unseasonable jest pointed at this chilly semblance



ÉCRU OVER GREEN.

of summer. One of the most self-satisfied persons I encountered at a function of the sort was a smart young doctor pursuing the primrose path of a Mayfair practice. "This day will mean extreme activity among the profession," he confided with an engaging and not altogether unhappy smile; "come and have tea," which I did to the accompaniment of a homily on the vanity of all vanities. Those who went in February certainly had the best of it this year, for the respective weathers of that month and this have been playing General Post with a vengeance. On all sides I hear that the Princess of Wales never looked more charming, the harmony of her ivory satin and velvet emphasising the delicacy of her wonderfully clear colouring. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, faithful to her preference for blue, which admirably suits her hair and complexion, struck a single note in that favourite tone, bodice, train, and skirt being all of a full ciel-bleu colour. Lady Blomfield wore a rather uncommon combination of white and black. Lady Gwendolin Little, always very smart, went in pale-green brocade and grey. The former colour displayed itself in many of the dresses, but in none more acceptably than that worn by Mrs. Errington, the chiffon sleeves and front of her white gown being spangled with gold paillettes, to which a train of lettuce-green satin gave excellent relief. One other green-and-white frock worthy of special notice was that worn by Mrs. Fitzgerald Waters. An over-dress of white Brussels net, with ruchings and flounces in modish profusion, veiled the white satin beneath, and the train, of white brocade, was lined with palest green. Miss Kathleen Orde-Powlett and Miss Hilda Euan-Smith were among many pretty débutantes, for, both from the material and millinery aspects, the last Drawing-Room was a decidedly picturesque occasion. Of tea-parties there were more than could be accomplished with but one five o'clock in the day. Mrs. Errington had a smart gathering in Pont Street, Mrs. Tidswell in Wilton Place, and Lady Naylor-Leyland was *chez elle* at Knightsbridge, among many more.

The Kempton meetings, always looked forward to by both town and country people as enjoyable off-afternoons, bid fair to oust all other suburban race-occasions from our first affections, if one may judge from the very full and fashionable aspect of Friday and Saturday's foregatherings. A voluminous bill-of-fare, headed by the Jubilee Stakes, attracted the racing contingent *pur et simple* in generous numbers, while the "simply smart" made the green lawn gay with the last manner of the fashionable "altogether." Two particularly up-to-date dresses seen there are reproduced for the benefit of those who do not disdain annexing ideas from other people's possessions when unaccompanied by any obvious intention of imitation, which is never very flattering except to the imitated. One of these gowns hails from Paquin, and the other from Worth; both are unquestionably smart and original. That worn by Mrs. Mackenzie came from Dover Street, and was of the material known as drab tammy, made on an independent skirt of green taffetas glacé. The skirt, quite tight at sides and front, wide at foot, was curiously ornamented with stitched pleats of the stuff in three rows at regular intervals, an embroidery of variously coloured silk being laid on in circles and squares with intricate but eminently satisfactory result. The bodice, fitting to a miracle, was in the much-affected style of a rounded bolero, opening over a chemisette-blouse of pale-ivory mousseline-de-soie. A large collar, made to extend over the shoulders and so form epaulettes, was stitched and embroidered to match the alluring vagaries of skirt. Flounces of embroidered mousseline half covered the hand in that new and profuse manner we have adopted at wrists and neck. If the temperature did not quite come up to the occasion, the error lay with it, not the gown, which under ordinarily decent dispensations would have been the very thing for a May meeting. The other dress to be descriptively disposed of was one of the new woollen canvases in a pale corn-colour, also with a distinct under-dress of dull-pink gros grain; the canvas sun-pleated and cut in rather large indentations at the bottom, which points are edged with a



CORN-COLOUR AND PINK.

narrow flounce of the fashionable black Valenciennes. Two flounces of the old pink silk stand out stiffly in the approved manner of gros grain around the under-skirt; these show between the points of canvas, and are also trimmed with a gather and insertion of lace. The bodice, very much *en blouse*, both in front and at back, is prettily accordion-pleated and sports a stole-shaped yoke much embroidered with fine jet spangles.



Tight sleeves—and sleeves grow so hopelessly meagre—are bedecked with rows of narrow black Valenciennes, as is also the neck arrangement, which is much elaborated at back. I hear that, when we have ultimately become quite flat at the shoulder, our sleeves will open out into the old bell-shape, which prevailed when John Leech satirised the flying follies of his little hour. *Aussi*, and as a consequence, under-sleeves of embroidered cambric, mousseline, and other fragilities will follow. From the pancake chapeau and preposterous chignon, which also found favour in those ill-advised days, may we be, however, delivered! You can do something with a bell-sleeve or even a bustle, but a “bird’s nest” chignon is beyond becoming manipulation by the most resourceful maid that ever handled a hair-pin.

That form of sport which is at the moment in highest favour at Vienna is driving, and I hear great things from friends in that gay spot of the Driving Club just instituted, which owes its inception in the first instance really to the admiration of a well-known dame for our Coaching and Four-in-Hand Clubs here. The idea of gentlemen drivers greatly tickled the Viennese imagination, so the *Herrenfahrer* has been started with *éclat*, and all the “best people” (which phrase, as applied to Vienna, has a mightily less catholic application than with us) were to the front when the first double-team race was run last week. Prince Charles Trauttmansdorff lost the most exciting race of the day by half a neck to Baron Springer’s chestnut team, and numbers of the Austrian *jeunesse dorée* won maiden spurs before interested groups of gaily frocked friends. Princess E. Auersperg, whose husband also contested the big race very hotly, wore a wonderful gown of cherry-colour *crêpe de Chine*, with a hat, which sounds very seductive, to match; the crown, of gathered crimson silk, garlanded with silk poppies in paler shades, while at the back red parrot-wings were outspread and mixed with black wheat-ears. Another smart Viennese, Countess Esterhazy-Hamilton, wore violet in several tones, the gown, of shot taffetas and cashmere, matching a gay toque made entirely of petunias and pansies. The reputation of the Parisienne is classic in the matter of clothes, but we really do not quite grasp the *chic* of Austrian women, who, in the matter of tailor-made garments particularly, have nothing to learn from others.

It is a matter of unmitigated regret to me that short trains for evening wear are once more about to hold the ear of fashion. They may be graceful, but are rarely smart, and that adjective more fits the modern method than any other. Here they come, however, for at two balls this week I met several and wished them elsewhere, when on the road down to supper particularly. Trains involve so much caution on the part of other people, and evolve so much speechless but palpable indignation on the part of wearers thereof, if one happens to trample thereon, that I have always been advisedly prejudiced against their adoption. A fashion that in several senses has an upsetting influence should have the Closure Act read over it, and we shall never be more satisfactory to self and partner in the mazy dance, or so practical and to the point generally besides, than in our trim and well-hung manner of the moment. One of the prettiest black dresses I have ever seen was worn at Lady Maitland’s dance on Wednesday, and, while playing the part of a complimentary mourning garment, had the most disengaged air of bereavement possible. It was of black tulle, embroidered with small jet paillettes, put on in stripes. The under-skirt, of glossy white satin, was made distinct from the tulle. A low-necked blouse-bodice of jet-sewn tulle over the satin was very becoming. Lapels of jet-embroidered white satin trimmed the *décolletage* at each side, and the waistband, constructed to match, had the design worked in high relief.

With reports of snow-storms in the country and a thermometer depressed to despairing point in town, it seems a little previous to dwell lingeringly on the somewhat flimsy fascinations of a muslin blouse. Yet here is one that will not be denied, weather or no, for it forms part of an important forthcoming trousseau, and has been specially “composed” by Paquin. It is of white mousseline-de-soie over white silk, made in pleats placed crosswise *à la religieuse*, to use technical jargon. An eccentric but charming example of the bolero genus of embroidered mousseline fastens in front, where it makes three short box-pleats, each embroidered. A square-shaped back, open down the middle, and set forth with little lapels, completes the summary of charms except for transparent sleeves of embroidered wrinkled chiffon puffed above and tight below elbow. The waistband is of pale-green velvet ribbon twisted twice around the figure.

Many and various are the projects for marking the celebration of our good Queen’s Jubilee, and from prince to peasant some special manifestation will recommend itself to the loyalty of all and each. Among many private schemes of benevolence, not the least are those which have been adopted without ostentation or advertisement by the prosperous merchants of this “nation of shopkeepers,” whose shopkeeping, it may be also added, enables it to exercise a generosity in all matters of public or private philanthropy that the possibly more romantic but positively less practical foreign temperament does not visibly emulate. This is, however, by the way; what is actually to the purpose is concerned with a Jubilee gift which the Singer Machine Company propose bestowing on the holders of newly issued “machine-coupons.” They can be obtained by anyone, free, of any branch house. A hundred machines, each worth ten guineas, will be given away, without fee or condition of any kind except that of applying for and posting the gift-coupons aforesaid. Particulars which go further into the matter than my available space admits of will be sent in response to an inquiring post-card addressed The Singer Machine Company, 42, St. Paul’s Churchyard, and the terms of this munificent Commemoration souvenir will be forthwith despatched.

Princess Hélène Gortschakoff, who now is one of the latest additions to the Touring Club of France, is averse to the display which divided

skirts entail on the bicyclist, while quite alive to the dangerous situations imposed by petticoats even of the most approved invention. A Paris tailor with ideas has, however, solved the Princess’s difficulty by evolving a combination cycling-costume skirt, which, by means of a draw-string, is easily converted into loose and shapely Zouave knickerbockers when riding, while resolving itself into a smart sun-pleated skirt *à discrétion* on terra firma. The skill of this invention lies in the almost imperceptible division executed while bestriding the wheel. No doubt we shall arrive at something of the sort over here. It all consists in being gracefully worn. I have seen some suburban young women who affected a version of the divided skirt, but their tailors had too much of the sculptor’s instinct to acquit themselves creditably as the harmless, ideal tradesmen they really were. No; ancient art and the ideal wheeling outline have really little in common, Sisyphus notwithstanding, and the woman who yearns to combine *les convenances* and convenience in a cycling ensemble has so far approached my ideal most nearly in the person of Princess Hélène Gortschakoff.

In Rome people have “gone over,” to use a pregnant phrase, very extensively to this modern manner of spending a happy day, and instead of the classic riding-party Campagna-wards of other days, smart cyclists have instituted similar festivities on the wheel for this past season most particularly. Friends who were about to leave the Eternal City because of the later April heats have now “prolonged themselves” so as to fit in the Spanish Embassy garden-party, always a festive fixture, which celebrates the little King’s birthday in gallant style. One of the things it is certainly difficult to enjoy by proxy is enjoyment. One has to rise so far beyond immediate selfish mundane matters to project oneself into other people’s pleasures, so to speak. Therefore, when esteemed relatives write me from the Tiber banks that, because of this deliciously cool interlude, they are enabled to do this and go there and revel in that, I really feel still more outraged than before, if that were possible, at the long-continued aggravation which our own island weather heaps on the devoted heads of us stay-at-homes. Apropos of nothing in the world but its charming self, which I met last night at one of four fashionable squashes, where the world and his wife respectively showed up, let me introduce to the notice of girls in search (like Japhet, but *not* of a father) the prettiest combination of silk and muslin. White taffetas, printed with stripes of tiny parti-coloured flowers, the skirt veiled in white mousseline-de-soie, having light stripes of white satin, spangled irregularly with small silver paillettes. A reproduction of the old baldacchino flounce trimmed the silk under-skirt at bottom; each scallop was ornamented with a rosette of mousseline and coloured bébé-ribbon. A blouse-bodice, with rounded *décolletée*, enclosed white shoulders most becomingly, and the slim waist of my admired damozel was twice wound round with pink and blue ribbons, matching the tiny flowers on her skirt. The whole thing was a very vision of fairness.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILLCENT (Dublin).—(1) For your going-away gown nothing could be better than the soft grey poplin. I should have it made *en bolero*, with grey chiffon corsage pouched back and front, and the bolero itself very much embroidered. For your hat, have a toque. One, of silver-grey straw, which I saw at Peter Robinson’s this week, had a small brim just as you describe, which turned up at the back. A garland of grey poppies, in two shades, was flanked on the left side by three white ostrich-feathers, fastened with a twist of turquoise velvet. It was charming, and would have suited your frock down to the ground. I do not think I should carry away many hats; you can pick up such pretty things at this season in the Paris shops. Poppy-red, cherry-colour, and mauve are the most modish, as you will find on arrival. (2) I know nothing for or against the dressmaker you mention. She did a bridesmaid’s frock for an acquaintance of mine, who did not seem overjoyed with her fit; but the girl in question was unusually difficult to please. (3) I always recommend the “Rhine Violet” sachet powder for a cloak- or bodice-scent. It is delicious, but not overpowering. There should always be a line of demarcation between the young woman who smells of scent and that other who merely emits a faint fragrance as she passes.

DOROTHEA (Stratford).—(1) Black-and-white checks are still worn. Thomas, of Brook Street, will fit you well. Cuffs, vest, and collar of real sapphire-blue velvet would make a pretty finish. (2) Hovis, I find, is the nearest approach to Padre Kniepp’s recipe. Yes, I thoroughly approve of his method.

SILVER MIST (Buxton).—The dressmaker you name is exceedingly expensive, and more so than Madame Oliver Holmes, of Bond Street, or Madame Elise Kreutzer, of Holles Street, Cavendish Square, both of whom are really excellent. Your little drill coats could be had from Peter Robinson, who would make them to your order well and inexpensively. I suppose you mean the ordinary jackets that are used for bicycling. They are more useful in tan-colour, but prettier in white.

JU JU (Cheltenham).—(1) It seems carrying exclusiveness very far, certainly, but it is generally so in provincial society. You must allow me to say, however, that you should not have made the first advance. I know little about the shops there. So many of the Service people send up to the stores, but, being a small family, I should scarcely think it worth your while. (2) The washing cycling-veils can be had from Charles Lee, Wigmore Street. The price is quite low—1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d., I forget which. He would post them to you. (3) If you want your spoons and forks to last for ever and afterwards, get them from Elkington’s. If you are not coming up to town, they will send you catalogues, from which you can order quite safely.

SYBIL.

#### MACGIBBON.

Whereas a man of the name of Andrew B. MacGibbon, wrongfully giving an address on his card as of the Savage and Junior Athenæum Clubs, is in the habit of representing himself to various manufacturers as authorised to sketch their works on behalf of THE SKETCH, this is to give notice that the said MacGibbon is quite unknown to the proprietors of THE SKETCH, who repudiate all knowledge of his proceedings, and will be obliged by any persons to whom the said representation may in future be made communicating at once with them.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on May 25.*

## MONEY MARKET.

The reduction of the Bank of England minimum rate of discount last week from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 per cent. came upon the Market as a surprise. There was no special movement in the week's return which pointed to the likelihood of a change being made. It was, therefore, assumed that the improved political situation led the directors to take this course. The joint-stock banks followed the lead of the central institution, and reduced their rates for deposits to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the discount houses announced their interest as  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$  respectively for money at call and notice. The Bank Return showed no very important changes for the week, the net result of the alterations being a reduction in the proportion of reserve to liabilities of 0.20 per cent., the ratio now being 51.40 per cent. But the rate had not long been reduced before there came out the prospectus of the new  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Indian Loan, and what the Market wants particularly to know is which was the cause and which the effect. Is the Indian Government borrowing because the Bank Rate is low, or is the Bank Rate reduced because the Indian Government wants to borrow?

## THE ACCOUNT.

The Settlement concluded last week offered a pleasing contrast to those we have witnessed for some considerable time past. In almost every department the Carry-over showed an improvement in prices, in some instances very substantial. The political outlook in the East had assumed a more pacific appearance, and this, added to the news of fresh concessions being made by the Transvaal Government, gave a considerable stimulus to business during the last two or three days of the Account. The result of this, as stated above, was a substantial rise in prices all along the line. The rises in gilt-edged securities were general, Home Rails especially showing a good advance. London and South-Western Ordinary was carried over as much as 8 points higher, and Midlands 6, while there were several other important improvements, varying from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points downwards. In Foreign stocks Bulgarian Six per Cents of 1888 led off with a rise of  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , while both Greek and Turkish issues showed substantial increases. In the Mining department, Kaffirs were distinctly in the ascendant, and the improvement in prices was general, Rand Mines being the most conspicuous with a rise of 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ . West Australians were lower on balance, although the movements were not very significant. The Miscellaneous Market showed no special feature, the rises and falls being pretty equally balanced. Under present conditions—which may be summarised as the clearing up of what might have been a very serious trouble—the markets are bound to be very erratic; and this is a factor, as regards the immediate situation, which our readers ought not to overlook. There are accounts open for the fall by speculators who thought everything was going to perdition; and these probably far outweigh the “bull” purchases by the people who kept their heads cool and waited for the rise. It was a risky game, but the “bulls” ought to have their innings now until the “bears” have completed their closing business. Until they are out of the business we are likely to have any amount of rumours about discordance in the European Concert, &c.

## PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

On the strength of a report last week that the delegate from the French group has returned from Peru, and will now open negotiations with the Corporation with a view to the bringing out of the so-called “Liberation Loan,” the various issues sprang into great demand. The Debentures rose  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , the Preference  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , and the Ordinary  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and have shown a firm tendency ever since. We should not advise holders, however, to be too much buoyed up by these rumours, as they seem to come round periodically, and have the habit of melting away again into very thin air. Probably something may arise out of these negotiations which will place the affairs of the Corporation on a better basis, but events move very slowly towards this desired goal.

## ENGLISH RAILS.

Good traffics and fine weather have again contributed to encourage solid buying of Home Rails, so that there has been quite a little boom in this market. Mines and speculative stocks have been until the last few days out of favour, and as a result the public has turned to the sort of securities which it thinks it can be sure of. Despite occasional set-backs on profit-taking, all the stocks have been climbing to heights hitherto supposed to be quite outside the region of practical finance, and were it not that we have several times imagined the thing was overdone before, we should consider present prices had reached a dangerous level. In 1889 London, Brighton, and South Coast ordinary stock stood at 153 and paid  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the year, now it stands at 189 and paid  $6\frac{3}{4}$  for 1896. In 1889 Midland ordinary paid 6 per cent. and stood at 143, now it pays the same and stands at 177, while the like remarks in different degrees apply to nearly the whole list. Working out the average yield of the ordinary stocks of fifteen of our principal railway companies, we find that the investor gets 3.2 per cent. for his money at present prices, against 4 per cent. in 1889. Probably no more striking object-lesson of the effect of reducing the interest on Consols, and the depreciated value of money generally, could be pointed out than the reduction in the yield which the public is willing to accept as an adequate return for its invested railway capital. The time must come when people will begin to ask

themselves whether the interest obtainable is commensurate with the risks of bad trade, labour troubles, accidents, &c., all of which would very severely react on the ordinary stocks.

## NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND.

It is always interesting to hear the remarks of a chairman at a meeting of a large banking institution, not only as to the operation in the period covered by the balance-sheet, but also as to the financial and political outlook generally. Mr. Richard Blaney Wade, who presided at the annual general meeting of the National Provincial Bank of England last week, had a very pleasant task to perform. He was able to point to the continued progress of the business of this huge institution, evidence of which was shown, in a very practical way, by an increase of distribution to the shareholders, namely, 19 per cent. against 17 for the previous year. This is accounted for by the rise of the Bank Rate in September last, and the consequent comparative dearth of money. The colossal nature of this bank's operations will be recognised when it is noted that the balance-sheet totals amount to £52,406,825. With regard to the political difficulties surrounding us of late, the chairman spoke hopefully as to the outlook. His observations on this point are worth reproduction. He said: “There is one thing, that, however disagreeable war-clouds are, and however much they paralyse business, still I believe, as a nation, and in all our difficult relations of life, they are not without some good. If they compel us—as they have this country—to face the position, and to take those steps necessary in order to be ready to assert ourselves, no matter what comes, they are not without their advantages. Moreover, I think these war-clouds have done this—they have made us one and all study not only our position, but they have made us feel more careful for the splendid heritage our forefathers have handed down to us.” These remarks seem to us to have struck the keynote of the position from a British point of view. But, all the same, we have got to face the fact that the banks, like the investors who are their customers, must face the fact of what to all appearance is a permanent reduction in the value of money. The fact lends itself to exaggeration and to unwarrantable use. It is being played for all it is worth, and a good deal more, by some of the reconstructed Australian banks. But it is a fact, all the same.

## THE LONDON BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

If there is anything calculated to bring home to creditors of this bank the necessity of making a rearrangement of terms, the balance-sheet just issued should do so. The second paragraph in the report speaks for itself. It reads: “In consequence of the continued fall in rates of discount and interest in Australia, the bank's operations last half-year have resulted in a loss of £4396 0s. 10d.” It will be remembered that there was a Bill promoted in Parliament early in the present Session with the view of modifying the scheme of arrangement in 1893. The Bill was considered by a Select Committee of the House of Lords, and clauses were added by the Committee, having the effect of postponing the payment of dividends to Preference and Ordinary shareholders until the Deferred Deposit Receipt-holders have received the rate of interest originally fixed. This seems to us a very fair arrangement, although it is a pity that this was not insisted upon in the case of the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank, whose Bill was passed without any such provisions, although the circumstances in both cases were practically the same. As they are both doing the same class of business, it will give one bank a great advantage over the other, which is fortunate for the English, Scottish, and Australian.

## THE CHINESE LOAN.

As we write, there still appears to be some uncertainty with regard to the report that a loan of £16,000,000 had been arranged for through a British syndicate. According to the *Times* money article of May 14, it appeared that nothing was then known of the alleged contract in quarters which are generally the best-informed on Chinese finance. It was admitted, however, that the report may possibly be true, though it was not easy to understand why a loan of such a large amount should be arranged for now, as all instalments of the war indemnity are provided for up to the end of the year. If such a loan is carried through, it will bring up the amount of Chinese borrowings on the European markets to over £53,000,000. In the same issue of our daily contemporary there is a cablegram from Peking stating that a preliminary contract for a loan of £16,000,000 had been signed on behalf of a British syndicate. Whatever the nationality of the syndicate, we have very little doubt about the imminence of a big new Chinese loan. One for Japan is admitted, and it will be interesting to see how the two issues fare in the Stock Markets. How the Customs revenue is to be made security for so much money we do not quite understand, but no doubt we shall see in time, if we only wait long enough.

## FOX v. JEROME.

Last week our congratulations to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and *To-Day* on the result of this protracted trial were crowded out, but we cannot let so memorable a financial event pass without notice. Mr. Sampson Fox, in association with the notorious Cottam, of Moldacot Sewing-machine fame, produced a crop of water-gas companies by which half Yorkshire was ruined and deserving people were brought to poverty. Out of these promotions Mr. Fox made large sums of money, some of which he gave to the Royal College of Music, and in a series of articles, which almost mark an epoch in financial journalism, *To-Day* exposed



the whole inception, working, and death of what it did not hesitate to call a gigantic swindle. Mr. Sampson Fox was stigmatised as the head and front of the whole affair, compared to Baron Grant, roundly accused of fraud, and of adding meanness even to that. Very seldom in the history of journalism has so violent, so persistent, and so damaging an attack been made on a man in the financial and social position of the plaintiff, and it is impossible to conceive any libel which, if in substance untrue, should have brought more condign punishment on the persons connected with its publication. After a sixteen days' trial, and despite all that the greatest advocate at the English Bar could do for Mr. Fox and his case, a special jury found that, although the justification had not been proved in every particular, Mr. Sampson Fox, J.P., was *merely entitled to one farthing damages*. In all but bare name this is a great and remarkable victory for Mr. Jerome and his paper, to which is due the credit of exposing the great water-gas bubble, and the means by which Mr. Sampson Fox and his associate, John Cottam, succeeded in making the public believe in it. Surely there will be no Jubilee honours for Mr. Sampson Fox, despite his £45,000 to the Royal College of Music! It is one of those mysteries of the English law that for exposing these things Mr. Jerome is to be fined about £5000 in costs—for that is what the defence will come to—and it would, in our opinion, be a graceful act on the part of the Water-Gas and Leeds Forge shareholders if some subscription were started to prevent so great an injustice.

#### SCHWEPPE AND Co.

Before these lines are in the hands of our readers the allotments of Schweppe and Co. will be posted. As we anticipated, the deferred shares have not been applied for in any considerable numbers, but the ordinary and preference have been largely over-subscribed. It is said that the old shareholders and the directors' friends will get about £200,000 of each of these issues, leaving £100,000 for the public, so that many people will have to go short. The ordinary shares appear to us very good buying at anything less than 25s.

#### THE NOBEL DYNAMITE TRUST.

The results of the year's working are not up to the expectations formed, for the dividend is only 12 per cent. against estimates freely indulged in of 15 per cent. The figures, however, are by no means bad, and the shares at their present price yield investors £6 18s. per cent. The net profits are £234,824, including £14,512 brought forward; the dividend requires £216,190, so that £18,633 is carried forward. According to the report, the business has been well maintained everywhere except in Germany.

#### SANTA FÉ AND RECONQUISTA BONDS.

In our issue of May 5 we recommended these bonds at about 21 for a speculative lock-up, and already those of our readers who took our advice can get out at about 2 points above what they gave. Shrewd people are still holding, and even buying, but it may be some time before any scheme is carried out.

#### DOUGLAS HUNGERFORD AND Co.

In season and out of season we warned investors against these touts, who deluged the innocent countryman (and woman, too, for that matter) with pamphlets and circulars promising all sorts of absurd interest up to 100 per cent. for the use of money. So often were we applied to about these people that we made private inquiries in America about them, with very unsatisfactory results, which were given to many correspondents with most earnest warnings against dealing in any way with the firm. Even in Bolton we think we have saved a certain amount of people, although in that district it is said there are a large number of victims. As we expected, the day has come when Messrs. Douglas Hungerford and Co. are not to be found, and the money entrusted to their care is gone with them. Of course, it is a scandal that the police do not put down such self-evident swindles as these people have run so successfully in their initial stages, but we suppose it is one of the penalties we have to pay for living in a free country. Again, for the hundredth time, we beg our readers to take it as a general and absolutely safe rule that all these touts who want money entrusted to them to gamble with are swindlers, no less than the people who send about bogus newspapers free for the purpose of working off shares in rotten companies which can be floated in no other way.

#### ISSUES.

The London Drapery Stores, Limited.—This concern is trying to raise £50,000 by the issue of preference shares. When it came out it is understood that it was very badly subscribed, and altogether we should consider the investment a very undesirable one. The prospectus is about as unsatisfactory a document as we ever read, and seems to violate the 38th section of the Companies Act, if accepted ideas as to the meaning of that section are not quite wrong.

The United Industrial Corporation, Limited.—We hope none of our readers have been found weak enough to invest in this precious venture. The concern is a promoting company, and parades a list of options, none of which appear very attractive. Curiously enough, the waiver clause appears here in its strictest form, and yet the same solicitors are on the prospectus as are found on that issued by the London Drapery Stores.

Monger's West Australian Stores, Limited.—This company comes from a good source, which is always something in favour of any concern. It is the outcome of Mr. Faithful Begg's visit to Western Australia, and is underwritten by many of the strongest institutions in the City. It is formed to take over the business of Mr. J. H. Monger, which has been established for many years,

together with the hotel and transport business of the West Australian Goldfields. In strong hands we expect it will do well, and that subscribers for shares will reap a good profit.

The Industrial Finance Corporation, Limited, is being industriously puffed by Mr. Robert Jewell, who, having secured for himself 5000 founders' shares for the promotion of this precious concern, is offering by private circular one of these to every applicant for fifty ordinary shares, leaving a nice profit for himself. The prospectus (if one can call it by so dignified a name) is a meagre document, without a single fact calculated to induce an intelligent person to part with a sixpence, and we trust no reader of ours will be fool enough to apply to Mr. Robert Jewell for an allotment.

Septimus Parsonage and Co., Limited.—We thought when notices of interim dividends were being sent about that some new issue was contemplated, and it appears we were not far wrong. An issue of £30,000, divided into 15,000 6 per cent. preference and a like number of ordinary shares, is now announced. The contract for the sale of the businesses to the company is dated as late as November 1896, so that a fresh issue appears a little premature, and we cannot recommend anyone to subscribe, especially as Messrs. Jenkinson and Co. (that is, Crocker) are making a speciality of pushing the concern in their paper, which is dignified by the name of the *Investment Register*, and sent free gratis and all for nothing to poor investors in all parts of the country. What interest has Jenkinson and Co. in getting off the shares?

The North China Gold Territories Development Company, Limited.—It is impossible to deny that there are great possibilities before this concern if it only starts with enough money to get properly to work. There are names connected with it which inspire us with very little confidence, and, on the whole, our readers, even if they want a gamble, will do well to leave this one severely alone.

Easton, Anderson, and Goolden, Limited, are inviting subscriptions for £150,000 4½ per cent. debentures. The prospectus is a curious document, giving the gross sales duly certified by the auditors, but absolutely silent as to profits. Surely there is a reason for this. We doubt not that, as a going concern, the assets are fairly valued, but, at break-up prices, it seems doubtful if the debentures are very amply secured. We can see no attraction in the investment.

A. Boake Roberts and Co., Limited.—This is another very unsatisfactory promotion. The business is one of brewers' chemists, whatever that may mean. We don't like the sound of it, and, considering the risk of legislative interference with the use of substitutes in brewing, the proprietors are wise to take the public in as partners, especially if they can get £113,000 for the goodwill of a concern which only made £12,167 in 1895. Our readers will be wise to let the proprietors keep the preference shares they are so kindly offering.

Saturday, May 15, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. F.—We have no special information as to either mine. If you can afford the gamble, we see no objection to your holding in both cases, but if the shares were our own we should sell both, subject, of course, to the amount of trust we placed in the person who gave the information about No. 2.

OAKFIELD.—The mine you name was a promotion of the West Australian Goldfields. It is, we believe, a good property, but more capital is required. There can be no use in selling 150 shares at 2s., considering the price they cost you, and we advise you to see it out, at least for the present.

A. G. L.—The company is doing well, and there is no reason why you should sell if you are prepared to hold a somewhat speculative investment—all companies depending on patents are speculative—but if you can't afford the risks of trade, sell half and keep half.

UNHAPPY.—We do not see that you have much to grumble at. A country broker is clearly at a disadvantage in dealing for you in such jumpy markets as we have been having lately. If you did your business through members of the Stock Exchange in London, you would probably be better served.

A. L.—The company you name is one that has suffered greatly from the fluctuations of trade, and we should not consider its shares a desirable investment. As a speculation we would rather not advise; consult persons who know the prospects of the plush and allied trades. We advise you to get a copy of the *Statist* of May 15, where you will find an interesting article on this company.

A. F. W.—We consider that Elswick 6 per cent. pref. shares are as good an investment as you will find in the cycle trade. At present they are absurdly cheap.

OLAF.—Yes, it looks as if it were about time to pick up cheap West Australian shares, if you do not buy rubbish. (1) A swindle. (2) We have no information. (3) Comes from a good stable. We prefer Lady Shenton or Hannan's Reward to either of the mines you name.

BUSINESS.—(1) The shares of the *Lady's Pictorial* Company are, in our opinion, as safe as those of any average brewery. (2) Although the *Illustrated London News* is, as you say, a limited company, its shares are all held privately by the family of the founder, and they cannot be bought.

GRATEFUL.—Whoever told you the story you mention about the Day Dawn Block must have confused this mine with the Day Dawn P.C. It is quite true about the latter mine, but absurd as to the Day Dawn Block, which has any quantity of ground quite untouched. We consider the shares good buying at present prices, and up to 14s. or thereabouts. A strong tip reaches us that Victory (Charters Towers) shares are worth buying on developments in the adjoining properties.

CONSTANT READER.—We have not changed our opinion about Sam's Wealth of Nations. Once a wild cat, always a wild cat. The market refuses to respond to the constant circulars of the directors, because the cry of "wolf, wolf," gets a bit stale after so many false alarms.

VICTIM.—It serves you right for dealing with these people after so many warnings. Only silly people expect to get 50 or 60 per cent. for their money, and now perhaps you will believe what we tell you about outside touts in future.

Geologists should hasten to Connecticut, for the Legislature of that State is seriously considering the purchase of the famous boulder, Chocegan Rock, which is, perhaps, the most remarkable survival of the Glacial Period in the world. It has changed owners several times, but hitherto it has fortunately been left untouched; once it belongs to the State, there is no saying to what extent it may be "improved." At the present time the rock is covered with flowers and creeping vines. Here and there a small clearing shows, deeply embedded in the stone, footprints of birds so gigantic that they may well have claimed the name of monsters. The most remarkable thing about this huge boulder is that in appearance it is entirely unlike any other stone found in New England.